Manuductio ad Cœlum:

OR, A

GUIDE

TO

Eternity:

Z.6.29

Extracted out of the

WRITINGS

OF THE

HOLY FATHERS

AND

Ancient Philosophers.

Written Originally in *Latine* by

JOHN BONA,

A *Cistercian* Abbat:

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THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

IT *is the End of this* Preface, *to encounter* Two Objections, *which I expect ſhall be charged upon me:* Firſt, *why does he not* practiſe *what he* recommends, *and quit the* World, himſelf, *before he takes upon him to teach* others *the way to* Heaven? Secondly, *what* news *does he tell us? Truly, no more than what we have* a thouſand times over, *and* better *in other Authors: And* this *with a ſtrange kind of* Temerity *and* Confidence, *he is willing to impoſe upon us for his* own.

My Anſwer is (*in the words of a wiſe man:* (Horace.)

——Fungor vice Cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ Ferrum valet, exors
ipſa ſecandi.

My Buſ'neſs is to whet, *not* cut.

Or if I may take up the Words of another great Man; I look upon the whole *World*, but as one large *Hoſpital*; and upon my *ſelf*, not as a *Doctor*, but one of the *Patients*. If I can contribute any thing to a Publick Good, It's well. But however, while I write this, I am but talking to my ſelf, and I make my *Reader*, my *Confident*. *I do not pretend to be a* Teaching Maſter, *but a* Teaching Scholar. *I am deſirous to* learn *of* others, *even when I* inſtruct *my* ſelf; *for he that* teaches, learns.

As to the ſecond Objection, *I ſhall prevent it by a moſt ingenuous Confeſſion of the naked Truth. There is very* little *of this Diſcourſe, that I can honeſtly call my* own. *The greateſt Part of it is what I have gather-*

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ed out of the Holy Fathers, *and Antient* Philoſophers: *and ſomewhat I have added out of my own Experience, which I have wrought together into one Confection; a good deal of it in the very* words *of the* Author; *and the reſt in* my own Stile, plain *and* accommodate *to* all Capacities; *for my Buſineſs is not* Rhetorick, *but* Good Life. *And in order to that bleſſed End, I have here drawn up a* Compendium *of* Moral Inſtitutions, *and* Counſels, (*the beſt I could*) *out of the Writings of the* Fathers, Seneca, Epictetus, Antoninus, *and others of the* Antients, *both* Chriſtian *and* Pagan. *What I have found effectual in my* own *Caſe, I have here communicated for the Benefit of* others; *without ſo much as ſaying where I had it, without clogging my Paper with* Citations, *or playing the* Wit *or the* Orator. *My Deſign is to work upon the* Paſſions, *not the* Phanſie; *and if the* Phyſick *be* proper, *no matter for the* Plainneſs *of it, or who mingled the* Potion. *I might have* en-

larged, *and I might have* expreſſed *my ſelf much better. But a few Precepts that are ready and at hand, are much more profitable to us, than whole Volumes that over-charge the Memory, and leave us at a loſs where to find them, when we have Occaſion to uſe them. He that knows what belongs to his Salvation, has learn'd what is ſufficient. I wiſh with all my Soul, that this poor Eſſay (ſuch as it is) may conduce to a Publick Good; but however, that it may not riſe in Judgment againſt the Author, for not conforming in his* Life *to his* Precepts.

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A Guide to Eternity.

Chap. I.

Of Mans laſt End. The Danger of neglecting or miſtaking it. The Means and Method of attaining it.

I. THe thing I have propounded in this Diſcourſe, is to bring the Reader to Heaven; that is to ſay, unto that perfect State of Bliſs, to which we are all directed by a Natural Impulſe, as the principal End of our Being; and wherein there remains nothing further to be deſired. As to the matter of *Happineſs*; It is the common Wiſh and Buſineſs of Mankind: But ſuch is the Blindneſs of our depraved Condition,

that inſtead of the True and Sovereign Good, we apply ourſelves to vain Appearances and Counterfeits. Some will have it to be in *Wanting of Nothing*, and conſequently, in *Riches*: Others place it in *Dominion* and *Power*. Some again, in *Voluptuouſneſs* and *Pleaſure* (a mean and moſt ignoble Miſtake.) Thus we labour and toil to no purpoſe, and (like men in a wrong way) the more haſt we make, the further from our Journeys end; hardly in any thing more unhappy, than in not being ſenſible of our unhappineſs.

II. And this, in truth, is our great Misfortune, that we purſue we know not what. Every man would fain Live and Die Happy: But What True Happineſs is, or How to compaſs it, there is not one of a thouſand that underſtands. So that in all our Actions, Wiſhes and Endeavours we croſs ourſelves, without any regard to That immenſe Good, which ought to be the Only and Ultimate Object of our Conſideration. The Life

Life we lead, is like that of the Piſmire, a perpetual and fruitleſs Ramble and Agitation; one while up, another while down, and ſtill empty. The great Creator of all things made Man out of Nothing, and he that gave us all, expects All, and to be beloved and ſerved without a Rival, as the Author of our Being: And it is all but time loſt, that we employ any other way. And yet, Alas! How ſmall a part of our Thoughts and Actions do we beſtow upon That God unto whom the whole ought to be directed. A Chriſtian ſhould do in his Life, as a Traveller does upon the way: He propounds to go to ſuch a Place, to take up his Reſt when he comes there, and ſo makes every ſtep he ſets an advance towards it. The only *Reſting Place* we can promiſe to ourſelves is *Heaven*, and we are to bend all our Motions and Studies That way. Whatſoever withdraws us from it, miſleads us to our eternal Deſtruction.

III. We ought to behave ourselves in this Life as in a Sea-Voyage, when the Ship stops for fresh Water, a man goes ashore, and entertains himself with Shells and Trifles by the By, but his Mind is still at Sea, and so soon as ever the Master calls, away he goes, leaves all, and returns to the Vessel. So in the Use and Enjoyment of external things, (which are but as Shells and Trifles) we are still to hearken after the call of our Master, and never to be so intent upon this world, as to forget the Business of the next. Outward things serve us, to the end that we may serve God; without which we fall from the *Divine Unity*, and by giving up ourselves to *many unnecessary things*, we set up as many Idols, as there are Creatures which we love with an inordinate Affection, unto which, by a foul Sacrilege we offer up (not an Ox or a Goat, but) ourselves and our Salvation. God will have no Sharers, and it is against the Law of Love, to love any thing *with* him, but *in* him, and *for* him.

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It is no leſs than Damnation, to leave the Creator, and adhere to the Creature.

IV. We may ſay of Minds, as the Prince of Phyſicians ſays of impure Bodies: *The more Meat you give them, the more hurt you do them.* For in paſſing from an ill Habit to a better, the Poiſon of a wicked Life muſt be firſt vomited up, to prepare the Mind for receiving the more effectual Aliments of Virtue, which Purgation is to be wrought after this manner: There muſt be a kind of Expiation for Sins committed; all Affections toward them withdrawn, all evil Cuſtoms rooted out, all vitious Inclinations and unruly Appetites are to be ſubjected to the Government of Reaſon: The Fleſh is to be kept under; the Neceſſities of Nature are to be provided for with Moderation; the Tongue and the Senſes are to be bridled; and whatſoever may give a Check or Interruption to the ſpeedy gaining of Virtue, is to be utterly exterminated. And why ſhould not

all this be done? Where's the Difficulty we phanſie? What are we afraid of? A thing that we have in our own Power. (He aſſiſting us indeed, who is All in All, and our Beginning and End.) But we muſt firſt go out from ourſelves, before we can come at him, and the further we remove from the one, the nearer will our Approach be to the other.

V. In the firſt place, we are to reſolve within ourſelves, *whither* we are to go, and *what* it is we would have. The next Point will be, to learn out the *way*; and then to take notice from time to time how we proceed, and what Progreſs we make in our Paſſage. In order to this we are impartially to examine our Conſciences, and obſerve the difference betwixt what we are and what we ought to be. It will be too late to conſider, when we are in the Snare. We are to ſtudy how to Tame our raging Luſts; how to curb our tormenting Fears: We are to enure ourſelves to the Contempt of Earthly things

things by leaving them, before they leave us, and to part willingly with what we cannot long poſſeſs, to the end, that when our laſt hour comes, there may be the leſs matter even for Death it ſelf to work upon. But whatever elſe we do, let us be ſure to look to the main, and ſee that the Soul, which is *firſt* in *Excellence*, be not *laſt* in our *Care* and *Eſteem*. *What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and loſe his own Soul?* There can be no Gain, where there is Loſs of Salvation.

Chap. II.

He that would live well, let him chuſe a good Tutor. The Qualities of ſuch a Tutor, and the Duties of the Pupil.

I. AS the Service of God is the chief End of the very Being of Man; ſo is there not any thing more neceſſary for him that would

make his Duty, his Business; then to apply himself to the Counsel and Government of a Prudent Master. Does any man venture to travel in an unknown way without a Guide? Or so much as to take up a difficult Trade without an Instructer? There may be indeed some *General Rules* set down in writing for the Benefit of the Absent, or of Posterity; but in the *Particulars*, of *when* and *How*, there is no Advising at a distance; nor without taking in all the Circumstances, and deliberating with the things themselves. It is in the Diseases of the Mind, as in those of the Body: A Physician can never prescribe so properly to his Patient, What *Diet*, what *Physick*, by Letter, as by word of Mouth, upon feeling of the Pulse, and enquiring into the State and Accidents of his Distemper. And this holds as well in the Maladies of the Soul. Some there are, which are not to be redressed, nor in truth, discovered, but upon a Personal Conference and Observation. St. *Paul* himself (the designed Doctor of the Gentiles)

tiles) was ſent to *Ananias*, after his Converſion, that he might learn from him the way of Life. He that undertakes upon his own ſingle Strength, to overcome the Perverſneſs of Corrupt Nature, to wraſtle with ſpiritual Impieties, and to break through all Obſtacles and Impediments, to make his way to Virtue, will find it a hard and a laborious Task. It will concern us therefore, to call in ſome charitable Aſſiſtant to our Aid, that may lay open to us the Dangers we are to encounter, the Frauds and Stratagems of the Enemy, and teach us how to win the Field in the Day of Battel. If you ask, *What kind of Man muſt this be?* Let him be a Perſon of *Wiſdom*, and *Fidelity*: One that has both a *Will*, and a *Power* to do us good: One for whom we have a *Reverence* without *Dread*: One that ſeeks rather our *Amendment* than our *Puniſhment*, and that *lives* better than he *ſpeaks*. He that preaches one thing, and does another, is not worthy of this Truſt.

II. He must be no Flatterer neither; no Cajoler of the People, on the one hand, nor a Frequenter of Great Mens Tables, or the Courts of Princes on the other. I would have him as well skill'd in Manners, as the Goldsmith is in Monies; Shew him any Coin, any Affection, He shall tell you what it is; or like an experienced Physician, presently make a Judgment of the Disease, and prescribe you the Remedy. Such a one he must be, as is able to dive into the Secrets and Recesses of the Inward Man, and to sute himself to the Humors and Dispositions of those he has to do withal, in order to their Spiritual Advantage. One that is not transported by his Passions, but teaches and invites Offenders in the Spirit of Meekness: One that has learnt how to detect, and disappoint all the Artifices and Crafts of the Devil: One to whom a man may securely commit the most recondite Privacies of his Soul, and Confess himself without a Blush: One in fine, that can distin-

diſtinguiſh betwixt Good and Evil. And *Happy is he that finds ſuch a Treaſure.*

III. With ſuch a Friend we are to communicate in all Conditions, and upon all Occaſions, without any Scruple or Reſerve, and to take his Opinion along with us, in all Caſes, whether Good or Evil. Now we are to conjure him to tell us freely of our Faults, wherein we do amiſs, without any ſort of Difficulty. And when he ſpares us, as if we had none, we are not preſently to take for granted, that we are Innocent: But rather to impute his Silence, either to his Lothneſs to diſoblige us, or to his Deſpair of Reforming us. And we are then to preſs him with more Earneſtneſs, and to ſhew him by our Actions, the Deſire we have to profit by his Reproofs, and to ſquare our Lives for the future, according to his Direction. It will be a good Sign, if we love him the better for his Reprehenſions, and take Delight in them: When we are come to That paſs once, we

we ſhall ſtill part with him, either better than he found us, or in a fair way to it. *In the Diſtempers of the Mind, it goes far, if one has but a good will to be Cur'd.*

IV. Theſe are the mutual Offices of the *Maſter* and of the *Scholar*; That the one be well diſpos'd to Confer a Benefit, and the other to Receive it: And truly the former can hardly fail, without the extreme Obſtinacy, Impatience, or Incapacity of the latter. There are ſome people ſo over-conceited of their own Abilities, that they will never endure to be advis'd by any body elſe. *All this* (they cry) *is no more than what I could have told you, To what purpoſe do you trouble me with what I knew before?* But I ſay on the other ſide, that *it is to very great purpoſe.* There are many things we *know*, which we do not at all times ſo well *heed* and *conſider*; and in ſuch Caſes, the Admonition is not ſo much intended to inform the *Underſtanding*, as to quicken the *Memory*; and rather to do the Office of

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a *Remembrancer*, than of a *Tutor*. In other Caſes, there is nothing ſo evident, but men will pretend Ignorance: ſo that the Suggeſtion of Matters (even the moſt manifeſt) muſt not be omitted, for Virtue does then more vigorouſly exert herſelf, when ſhe is touch'd and provok'd. Some people there are that have not the *Face* to acknowledge an Error; (a moſt ridiculous and unmanly ſort of Modeſty!) Others have not the *Heart* to do it, but fret inwardly, and ſmother all in a ſtomachful Silence, falling foul, like Bedlams, upon the Phyſician that would cure them. This miſchievous Secreſie and Reſerve, proceeds undoubtedly from the Temptation of the Devil, who needs never deſpair of gaining his End, ſo long as he can keep himſelf cloſe and undiſcover'd. Our Ulcerated Bodies, let them be never ſo offenſive and lothſome, we can expoſe to the Chirurgeon or Phyſician, in hope of Remedy, even without a Bluſh: But what a Stir we make, to hide the Blemiſhes and Infirmities of our Souls, as if to conceal

conceal them, were really to take them away; when yet we are not able to hinder them, even from betraying themſelves. He that will not own himſelf to be wounded, ſhall never be cur'd.

V. Let a Phyſician tell us: *You have ſuch or ſuch a Diſeaſe, you are dangerouſly ill. Have a Care, you neither eat nor drink any thing to day, but This or That*: So far are we from taking this Liberty amiſs, that on the contrary, we reckon it for a Favour, and give him Thanks and Money for his pains. But let any man tell us, that we are ſick of Burning Luſts, Vain Opinions, Inordinate Affections, It puts us into a Rage, as if it were an Affront to be reveng'd with Fire and Sword. Never ſuch a Diſhonour! To tell me that I am Proud, Luſtful, Covetous, *&c.* An Indignity not to be born by Fleſh and Bloud! And where lies the Injury now? Wretched Creatures that we are! Why may we not as well quarrel with a *Glaſs*, that ſhews us an *Ill Face*,

Face, as with a *Friend* that ſhews us a *Vitious Mind*? It ſhould be our Buſineſs to correct what is amiſs, to amend our Lives, and cleanſe our Hearts from all Corruption; and ſo to live, that the World ſhall not condemn us.

Chap. III.

Of Purgation from Sin. The very Diſpoſition to Sin, as well as the Sin itſelf is to be rooted out. No Remedy more effectual againſt it, than the Conſideration of Death and Eternity.

I. SIN is the Cauſe of all Evils, and he that commits it, is out of his way to his laſt End. It is the Seed of all our Miſeries, and the Poiſon of Human Nature. The Malignity of it is better underſtood after the doing of it, than in the Act itſelf. The Binding of the Living together with

with the Dead, to deſtroy the one with the Stench of the other, is not much unlike the Puniſhment which Divine Juſtice has allotted to heinous Sinners. They are ty'd up to their Plague, and there's no Eſcaping. A bad Action is no ſooner conceived, then it brings forth its own Torment: So that he that will not endure ſomething, that he may not do evil, muſt endure a great deal becauſe he has done it. This it is, that brought Death into the World, and kindled Hell-Fire. We are therefore to cleanſe our Conſciences by *Contrition*, *Confeſſion*, and *Satisfaction*: Neither are we to ſhun the more grievous Sins only, but even thoſe too, which we eſteem as the leaſt and ſlighteſt; which though they do not hurry us immediately to Deſtruction, they do yet, inſenſibly diſſolve our Strength, weaken us, and bring us to Ruine in the End. And if the Veſſel miſcarry, what matters it, whether it be ſwallow'd up at once, or by taking in Water, Drop after Drop, which being neglected, carries it to the Bottom at laſt. The

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eaſier the prevention, the more ſhameful is the diſaſter; and the weaker the adverſary, the greater is the diſhonour of being overcome.

II. We muſt never expect to graft Virtue in the mind, till we have given over Hankering after even the ſmalleſt Vices. It ſignifies nothing, to have the Body in the *Wilderneſs*, and the Mind in *Egypt*. It is not enough to forgive injuries, and to relinquiſh our more notorious and beaſtly luſts, if we ſtill take pleaſure in lewd communication, and the vanities of this world. Ill habits muſt be torn up by the Roots, that they may never ſhoot again: It is not the bare lopping of the Branches that will ſerve the turn. In ſome religious Fits, we are apt to *ſay* (yes, and perchance to *think* ſo too) that we are now abſolutely reſolved upon a new life, and to quit the world with all the Corruptions and Vanities that attend it. Why do we not bolt the door then againſt them, but only put it to? Oh how we are troubled to think of the Courſe we

have led! And *who is not?* I beſeech you, Is there any man ſo wicked as not to diſallow himſelf in his moſt beloved ſins, even in the very act of committing them? But what avails it to renounce them in diſcourſe, and yet to embrace them in practice? No man has a Conſcience ſo ſeared, as not at ſome time or other to reflect upon his Wickedneſs with deteſtation: But then they are ſoon friends again; whereas, he that is truly converted, lays the Axe to the root, and leaves not the leaſt ſtring behind him. He grows ſo jealous of his frailty, and ſo ſuſpicious of himſelf, that he ſtarts at the leaſt occaſion, at the very ſhadow of evil.

III. Why do we ſo ridiculouſly cavil then, and urge the frailty of human nature, in Plea againſt the Commands of the Almighty? does not He that made us what we are, and gave us what we have, know beſt what we are able to do? We are to obey, not diſpute: and it as well our Intereſt as our Duty ſo to do.

Blind

Blind and impious Temerity! That Duſt and Aſhes ſhould preſume to expoſtulate with the moſt high God! As if he impoſed more upon us, then we are able to perform; and deſigned rather our Miſery than our Salvation. By this perverſneſs, of pretending difficulties where there are none, we provoke the diſpleaſure of the Lord againſt us; who hath enabled us to do much more than we imagine; as would appear, if we did put the ſtrength he hath given us, to the Experiment. Our Task is not hard in it ſelf, but our Fears, and Apprehenſions make it ſeem ſo. How many accidents and encounters, that were terrible to us at firſt, hath cuſtom made familiar and eaſie! Wherefore, let us not undervalue our ſelves, God will not not deſert his Souldiers, but give them (even for the asking) ability ſufficient for any warrantable undertaking.

IV. The readieſt way to maſter our Corruptions, is, to propound to our ſelves, that every day is to be our

laſt; for there is nothing that ſo much engages our Affections to this world as the want of conſideration, how ſoon we are to leave it. Can any man be ſo forgetful, as to behold the dayly Funerals that paſs before his eyes, without thinking of his end! And yet even among the dead themſelves, we think of nothing leſs, than we do of Death. There is not any thing ſo frequently ſeen, and ſo ſoon forgotten. But the time is coming that ſhall deliver us from the beaſtly fellowſhip of the Fleſh; diſpell this Cloud of Ignorance, and enlighten our darkneſs. Let the oldeſt man alive look back into the time paſt, and (if he can) pick but any one day out of his whole life, that was not tainted with ſome blemiſh or defect. Our *Childhood* we have conſumed in *hobby-horſes* and *bawbles*. Our *Youth* in *levities* and *luſts*, our *Manhood* in *crimes of a deeper dye*; and when we have put all together, from our *Cradle*, to our *grey hairs*, there remains nothing to us, but *anxiety of thought*, and the ſad fruit of our *iniquity*. Alas! how

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miſerable is that man, that cannot look *backward*, but with *ſhame*, nor *forward* without *terrour*. Let him go to his *Bags* and his *Coffers*, that have coſt him ſo much ſweat, and trouble: What comfort will they ſpeak to him in his extremity? or what will all his ſenſual Pleaſures, his vain and empty Titles, Robes, Dignities, and Crowns avail him in the day of his diſtreſs? What would a man give when that diſmal day comes, that he might begin the world again, to lead a new life? but wiſhes are then too late. We are to make uſe of time while we have it; and to forbear doing thoſe things now, which we ſhall wiſh undone hereafter. *It is no great matter to deny our Appetites for a moment, that we may be happy for ever.*

V. If a man upon his Death-bed were asked his opinion of his paſt Life, and what he thought of Riches, Dignities, and worldly delights; you ſhould hear him tell you quite another tale, than he did in his health; for at that hour

men consider what they say, and speak what they think. Now although this Wisdom comes with the latest, for him that is upon his *exit*: It may yet be of great benefit to *us*, if we will but learn from other peoples miscarriages to correct, or to prevent our own. Who but a mad man, when he may put to Sea in fair weather, will linger for a storm? or defer all care of himself, till the last extremity, when he may save all at present, without any hazzard? Caution comes too late when a man is under water, and so does Prudence too, in the grave. Those great and holy men that have utterly renounced this world, and all that's in it, for the love of a better, have made it the study of their whole lives, to understand *how to live*, and *how to die*: and so hard a Lesson have they found it unto flesh and bloud, that many of them, at their last breath, have not stuck to confess their Ignorance. But we (forsooth) account it time enough in all conscience, to betake our selves to that which is good, when, in truth, we are fit for nothing

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at all; and to begin our lives, at an age, to which few people have prolonged theirs: A prodigious folly, certainly, for a man to begin at the wrong end!

6. Monſtrous heedleſneſs! to believe all this, and yet to live on, as we do: what is *Time*, but the paſſing of a *ſhadow*? *Life*, but a *point*? or leſs, if poſſible. How ſmall a diſtance is there betwixt the *Cradle* and the *Tomb*! Try if you can make the Sun ſtand ſtill but one day, one hour, one moment. No no, it will not be; Time is inexorable, and will hold on its courſe till it has brought all created Nature to deſtruction. And yet ſo beſotted a Blindneſs poſſeſſes us, that we prefer this wretched inſtant before a glorious Eternity. In the caſe of our frail and periſhable bodies we lay out for neceſſaries, and proviſions, and ſpare for no pains to procure them: but in that of our immortal Souls, we behave our ſelves, as if they were none of our concern. Let the Body be

out of order, and there is nothing so troublesom, but we can readily undergo, to remove it; but in the distempers of the Soul, we are not only neglectful, but insensible. When was it ever said to us, *Save your selves by sea, or you are lost*, and we protracted it? *Take of this Potion; 'tis bitter, but 'tis wholsome*, and we refused it? It is less than this, that God prescribes to us, for our eternal Good, and we give no heed to it. If we happen to have a Law Suit, what a bustle we make with our Soliciours, and Breviates, seeing of Council, and tampering of Judges, to carry on the Cause! But in the great tryal of our Souls at the day of Judgment (which is at hand) and where *Heaven* or *Hell* is the question: there is no care taken, but we live on laughing and fooling, till we lose our selves beyond all Redemption, for want of Preparation. Let us therefore betake our selves to our wits, and put our affairs in order, as if we were every moment to be called to a Reckoning. *This is true Philosophy, to separate the Soul and Body by wis-*

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dom before they come to be parted by neceſſity.

VII. The thing we are principally to intend, (whether buſie or idle, in labour or at reſt) is this; to deliver our ſelves out of the power of Time and Caſualties, by the anticipation of Eternity: which places us in a ſtate of Tranquillity, that is ſteady, and invariable. The Glutton in the Goſpel is ſtill begging the relief but of one drop of water to cool his Tongue, and condemned ſo to beg it to perpetuity, without obtaining it. Eternity is an everlaſting inſtant, not to be thought upon, or mentioned without horrour: It is a reſtleſs Wheel, it is a continued, an endleſs, and a ſtill commencing beginning. The ſerious thought of it is as wormwood in our cups of pleaſure: It ſtrikes us with aſtoniſhment and ſadneſs; it tames our rebellious ſpirits, and raiſes up the ſlothful Voluptuary to the love of Virtue; it facilitates all difficulties, ſweetens all our afflictions, and makes our misfortunes ſeem not only ſhort, but eaſy. It is not in the power

power of man to expreſs or conceive this boundleſs Eternity. Were the whole Univerſe fill'd with numeral Figures, and as many Years (nay Ages) taken from Eternity, as there would be found Unites in the whole ſum, Eternity would be ſtill the ſame, without any diminution. He that conſiders the pains of Hell (as they are) to be ever beginning and yet never at an end, muſt have a Heart of Flint, not to trouble and repent at the thought of it.

CHAP. IV.

Of Gluttony, the Evils of it, and the Remedies: and to know when we have ſubdued it.

I. THe firſt Vice we are properly to encounter, is *Gluttony*. This is the Sin that brought Death into the world, and miniſters matter in a great meaſure to the reſt. It was the Eating of the *forbidden Fruit*

Fruit that ruin'd the whole Race of Mankind, even before they had a Being: and it is ſtill the weak ſide where the Devil lays his moſt dangerous temptations. From hence, proceeds dulneſs of ſpirit, ſloth, wearineſs of every thing, ſcurrility, babbling, debauchery, heavineſs of mind, and the diſſolution of all Virtues, prodigality, beggery, a long train of Diſeaſes, and Death it ſelf in the concluſion: This is it that ſwells our *Bills of Mortality*; for vitious humours contracted from exceſs in meats and drinks are the food of almoſt all Diſeaſes. Other accidents may attempt, and threaten us, but this cuts us off. *Gluttony kills more than the Sword.*

2. Oh the infamy of being a ſlave to a mans Belly! a wretched carkaſs, with an inſatiable appetite! Our bodies are none of the largeſt; and yet in greedineſs, the vaſteſt, and the moſt voracious of living creatures come not near us. *One Wood* (we ſee) maintains a great many *Elephants*; and *Paſture* of a *few Acres*, a great many *Bulls*: but for us, *one World* is hardly

ly sufficient. The *Air*, the *Seas*, and the *Forrests* must be all rifled, to please our Palates. He that looks into the Offices of a luxurious Palace, and sees the Troops of Servants sweating, and hurrying up and down; the massacre of Beasts, Flesh and Fowl: and every thing afloat in the richest Wine: some to order the Plate, and cover the Table, others to serve up the Meat, so many to marshal the Dishes, others again to carve: and and every man ready at his part: He that sees, I say, the magnificence, and variety of these Entertainments, cannot but wonder at so horrible a profusion for the Guts of one Family. Not that I would advise any man to starve himself; for the Belly is importune, and must have daily food. But here lyes the snare: we do the business of *Pleasure*, under the pretence of *necessity*. If we would inform our selves how small a matter satisfies Hunger, let us consider what we are capable of, and what we have need of; we shall then understand, that no man is driven upon excess,

by

by neceſſity. *Nature contents her ſelf with a little, but the cravings of Luxury are boundleſs.*

III. Hunger takes no pleaſure at all in complement, or oſtentation; let it be ſatisfied, and no matter with what: So ſoon as the Reliſh is off from the Palate, the precious and the common are both alike. Let but him *eat*, that is *hungry*; and *drink*, that is *a thirſt*; whether his *Bread* be *white* or *brown*; or his *Drink* plain *water* out of the next *brook*, or the *choiceſt Wine* refreſh'd with Snow, it is all one to Nature: ſtay but the ſtomach, and quench the thirſt, ſhe looks for no more. All the quarters of the world muſt be hunted for Fiſh and Fleſh, ſeveral ſorts of Wines for the *Guſto*, and provoking Sawces, to gratify our phantaſtical Appetites: and what are all theſe far-fetch'd curioſities, and delicates in the end; but the Torments of a miſerable Surfeit! *Epicurus* recommends *Temperance* to us, if it were for nothing elſe but the very pleaſure of it. There's a great deal

deal of difference, betwixt the *plaineſt meat* in the world to a *good ſtomach*, and the moſt *delicious* to one that is *crop-ſick*. He that would diſcharge himſelf of all ſuperfluous care for the Belly, let him but conſider the end of all, and that he is only preparing a Treat for the worms. This methinks ſhould make a man ſo order his Body, as that his Mind may be never the worſe for't. That's the beſt Diet undoubtedly, which is every where to be had, and without trouble, and neither burthenſom to a mans Purſe, nor to his Body. He is a great maſter of himſelf, that commands his Belly. The Body requires *Nouriſhment*, not *Dainties*; and we have been convinced of the ſuperfluity of many things, by the want of them.

IV. But 'tis no ſuch mighty buſineſs neither, to contemn *ſuperfluities*; give me the man that can cheerfully diſpenſe even with *Neceſſities*, that can content himſelf with Bread and Water, and with the Herbs of the Field

Field, as well for *Mans meat* as for *Beasts*: that *eats* only to sustain and strengthen nature, and to glorifie God: that takes his meat as a sick man does his Physick; meerly for healths sake, without any regard to the tast: That declines voluptuos Treats, and Entertainments: and (at least) *moderates* himself in the Pleasures of the palate, since he cannot totally *extinguish* them; and preserves himself in purity both of Body and Spirit. The perfection of Chastity is a better proof of Abstinence then the bare taking down of the Body.

CHAP. V.

Chap. V.

Of Luxury: The foulneſs of it: How apt we are to Relapſe into it: How to avoid it.

1. Luxury is a Brutal vice: and That, which of all others, puts a man the moſt out of countenance! Nor is it ſo ſhameful only in the practice, but the Apoſtle forbids us the very naming of what concerns it. The foulneſs of it may appear in This: That a man (if he has but the leaſt ſpark of modeſty, or good nature in him) cannot forbear Bluſhing at the very Thoughts of any uncleanneſs committed, if he does but imagine that any body elſe knows of of it. Nay there are many people ſo tender and ſcrupulous in this point, that they'l run any hazard, rather then truſt their very Confeſſors with ſo ſcandalous a ſecret. He that falls into this bog, very rarely gets out again;

again; and there's little hope of him that's infected with this Diſeaſe: For alas! what can man do in the caſe of Continence, *which is the only Gift of God.*

II. The firſt Remedy muſt be fervent Prayer to the Almighty, for Grace and Strength: And we are, next, to reſiſt the very firſt motions to impurity, and to ſhake them off, as we would do a burning coal from our Garments. If we come but once to deliberate, we are loſt. If we *parly*, we are upon the point of yielding. We muſt have a care of *Idleneſs*, *High-feeding*, *laſcivious Objects*, *looſe* and *wanton Company*. Nothing (in ſhort) is to be omitted in this difficulty. Nay the very beſt of men are not without their infirmities; certain latent diſpoſitions, which though we cannot properly call ſins, we find many times to prove the preludes to wickedneſs, and if they gain but never ſo little upon us, it will be hard quitting them. He that will be great, muſt not deſpiſe little

things. *The leaſt ſpark is enough to fire the largeſt City.*

III. Let every man have a care of too much confidence in himſelf. He that goes on, without doubting, is fallen already. How many Inſtances have we, of brave, and eminent men, that after ſolemn Confeſſions, Victories, and Exploits, even to admiration, have yet been ſurpriſed, and loſt at the ſight of a Woman! I do not ſpeak of *Sampſon*, *David*, and *Solomon*, thoſe antient and famous examples of human frailty, but others of freſher date, and which we ſee daily before our eyes. And if there were nothing elſe but a mans own weakneſs; methinks he ſhould be ſo conſcious of it, as to be humbled, and ſuſpect himſelf. What greater madneſs, than after ſo many experiments of the errours of all Ages, and Nations, ſtill to expoſe our ſelves to be worſted, in confidence of our own ſtrength! But this is the fate of our incredulous and ſtubborn Nature, to

give

give no heed or credit to the Falls of others, till we are in the Pit our ſelves. God made *Woman* for a *helper* to man, but by the ſubtlety of the Serpent ſhe was wrought upon to be his deſtroyer: ſhe wounds, burns, and conſumes him. There is no *Hyæna*, no *Baſilisk*, to what ſhe carries in her *voice* and *eyes*: Have a care of her Charms, as you love your Soul. *The whole Sex follows the old trade of driving man out of Paradiſe.*

IV. It is an ordinary thing, I know, to excuſe our ſelves, by ſaying, *we cannot avoid it; ſhe's of our Acquaintance, we mean no hurt in't.* But under theſe plauſible pretences, there lies more miſchief than we are aware of: for we fall by degrees into *dangerous Liberties, unwary diſcourſes, looſe Behaviour, wanton Merriments, enterchanging of Preſents, &c.* till in the end, by little and little, we come, from the neglect of Modeſty, to juſt none at all. This Licence grows upon us by degrees, and he that bluſhes

and trembles at the very appearance of a Woman to day, ſhall look Babies in her Eyes to morrow; play with her naked Breaſts, and feel the Poiſon at his Heart before he is ſenſible of the danger. Thus by degrees, from dim-ſighted, our Reaſon comes to be ſtark blind, and the divine Soul lies groveling upon the ground, without any conſideration, either of Heaven or of it ſelf, till the fire of our Luſts ſhall be ſwallowed up in that of Hell it ſelf. The ſad and miſerable end of a beaſtly and momentany Pleaſure: as if we were all drunk with the juice of that Herb which is ſaid to make people *die laughing*.

V. Fools that we are! what would we be at? that have neither Wit enough to adviſe our ſelves, or to take Counſel of others. Is it *Pleaſure* we ſeek? God hath provided *Pleaſures eternal* for us in *Heaven*. Thoſe of the world are deceitful, tranſitory, and uncertain; ſhall we lay hold of theſe then, and quit our Title to thoſe of the next? Where's our Reaſon? what

what is become of our Understanding? If we look upward toward those that are gone to Heaven before us; we shall find them such, as here upon earth, mingled their Bread with Ashes, and their Drink with their Tears; beset on every side with Persecution and Contempt; holding no intelligence at all with worldly Comforts; and making Prayers and Tears their daily exercise. Their way to Heaven lay through Torments and Crosses. But on the other hand, if we look downward into Hell, among the Troops of the damned, we shall there see (which they feel too late) the End and the Reward of trusting to the false Joys of this World, the delights of the Flesh, and carnal Pleasures. We should do well to meditate upon this, if we believe it.

VI. But if Pleasure in this world be the thing we covet, why do we not then give it our selves in the blessing of a well composed and virtuous Mind? And that's a Pleasure substantial, sincere, unchangeable, and untainted:

whereas the enjoyments of the Flesh are weak, short-lived, only varnish'd over, bedawbed with Wine, and Perfumes, both afraid and ashamed of the Light: lying most in Bawdy-houses, and Taverns, and such other places as commonly find work for the Constable. If they are glorious without, they are yet most wretchedly sordid within: They begin and end almost in the same moment; they perish even in the very enjoyment. But the Pleasure of the Mind is gentle, noble, invincible, steady and secure; and attended neither with Satiety, nor Repentance. It is neither accompanied with shame, nor followed with remorse, or sadness: nor does it ever desert him that professes it. The way to *this Pleasure* is to renounce *all other*: for *to contemn Pleasure is the greatest Pleasure.*

CHAP.

Chap. VI.

Of Avarice; the Wickedneſs of it. The Poor and the Rich compared. The Deceit and the Vanity of Riches.

I. It is the great cheat of Avarice, that it diſclaims it ſelf: for there is not any man will confeſs himſelf to be covetous. *I have a Family to provide for*, ſays one: *I would fain do ſome good among my poor Neighbours*, cries another: A third is for building of Alms-houſes, and Hoſpitals. And theſe are our pretences for hording up Riches; and when we have gotten them we go on to get more, and ſpend our Lives in the bare acquiſition of what was at firſt pretended for our Comfort or Support, but part with nothing. What is a thirſty man the better for the ſight of a pleaſant Brook, or dabbling in it perchance with his Finger, unleſs he take ſome of it into his Stomach to relieve his drought? Juſt this is the

case of an avaritious man with his Money; he sees it, and handles it, but his Mind is no vessel to receive it, and so never the better for it. God made the Soul only for himself, and it is he alone that can fill it.

II. Give the covetous man the Treasure of the whole earth; Let him not only possess, but trample upon all that is rich and precious, all that is curious and costly in the Universe. Alas! the having of all this will but serve him for an Incentive to desire more. *Nature* is *bounded*, but *Imagination* is *infinite*. It is not a pin matter, what Mony in the Coffer, or what Corn in the Barn, to him that is only intent upon what he has not, without computing what already he has. The World it self is too little for him, whom the whole world cannot satisfie. If we did but consider the mischiefs that accompany great Fortunes, and the Benefits they deprive us of, we should soon find, with the blessed Apostle, that *Covetousness is the root of all evil*. Thence come

Frauds,

Frauds, Wars, Perjuries, Treason, Discord, Ambition, Robberies, Piracies; publick Tumults, domestick Treacheries, Corruptions in the Seat of Judgment.

III. Look but the poor and the rich man in the face, and compare their Countenances, and you shall see that the one, in the sowrness of his looks, betrays the anxiety and solicitude of his Thoughts: The others Brow is clear, and open, in testimony of an honest, and chearful Mind. The Rich mans Happiness is but from the Teeth outward, a counterfeit satisfaction, with a Worm in his Heart; when the poor man, without any mixture of trouble, enjoys a continual repose. The one betwixt the desire of getting, and the fear of losing, lyes exposed to all the assaults of Fortune: (for *the more he has, the more he covets.*) The other is rich even in his poverty. His wishes are squared to his necessities: He fears nothing for he hath nothing to lose that he cares for. He spends the day merrily,

merrily, and sleeps soundly at night: whereas the other, on the contrary, is never at ease, and the less sense he has of his condition, the greater is his danger.

IV. A word now to the *insatiable Miser*, with all his Hoards, brave Houses, Possessions: The time will come, (the time appointed from Eternity) when he must part with all his splendid Acquisitions, Life and all; when all those things must perish too, for which he himself is likewise to perish. He will then see the errour of admiring what he should have despised, and of setting a value, so childishly, upon Trifles: childishly, I say, saving only that Children play the fool upon cheaper terms. *Their* dotage is employed upon some pretty Shells, perchance, or Pibles, that they find by the Sea-side; ours upon Gold and Precious Stones. I do not say, that where Providence hath given a man a plentiful Fortune, the Owner of it should not make use of it: but I would have it honestly gotten; not by

by Fraud, Extortion, or Injuſtice, nor with more carking and caring, than the thing is worth: we may take Mony into our *Coffers*, but not into our *Hearts*, to the end that we may chearfully reſign our ſelves to the Will of God, either to want, or to abound. No man ſo rich as he that needs not Riches. We are not to wait for the loſs of all, by Thieves, perhaps, or Caſualties; but to ſtrip our ſelves, by Anticipation; which is done, if we do but take away from our ſelves, by an indifference, whatſoever we might otherwiſe loſe by violence. *No man is Maſter of himſelf, ſo long as he is a ſlave to any thing elſe.*

V. As to matter of State and Ceremony, we are to lay it utterly aſide, and to conform in our Clothes, and Diet, not ſo much to example, as to Chriſtian Moderation, and Virtue. Poverty it ſelf, with good Husbandry, may be emproved into Plenty. Let us but keep our ſelves, from Thirſt, Hunger, and Cold, Nature asks no more.

more. A Cottage may keep a man as warm as a Palace; and there is no absolute Necessity of covering our Bodies with Silk. Is there no quenching of our Thirst, but in Chrystal? no cutting of our Bread, unless the Knife has an Agat Handle? We may wash as clean in an earthen vessel, as in a silver, and see as well by a Candle in a Pewter-socket as in a Plate. He that values himself for his Gold, is inconsiderable without it: How much better were it for us, to set our hearts upon those Riches, which neither Fortune, nor Death itself can ever take from us. Why should any man fear Poverty, that has the Treasure of a Kingdom within himself. There is the Kingdom of Heayen, in a good Conscience. He that seeks his own Good, let him seek God alone, who is the only Good, the only Possession, and the only Treasure. *The World is of no value to him that dedicates himself wholly to God.*

VI. Oh

VI. Oh the emptineſs, and Impoſture, of all that we account delicate and glorious in this world! To ſee a man wrapt up in Gold, and Embroydery, with a long Retinue at his Heels, and in a ſplendid equipage; how wonderfully are we taken with the Spectacle? And yet alas! All this is but a meer pomp, and oſtentation of vanities, that leave us in the very moment that they pleaſe us: And it is not from the Schools of the Philoſophers, nor from the Croſs of Chriſt, nor from the eternal Wiſdom alone, that I draw this Obſervation; but from the world it ſelf, and thoſe that have moſt courted and adored it. What ſatisfaction had *Haman* in all his Wealth, Power, and Dignity? No no, ſays he, (in a full Audience) *I reckon all this as nothing*, ſo long as I ſee *Mordechai* ſitting at the Kings Gate. What a Mockery, what a Blindneſs is this! I have often read and heard indeed, that the Pleaſures of the Fleſh and of this World are as nothing, compared with thoſe of Virtue

Virtue and Eternity; but to pronounce them to be as nothing, in reſpect even of nothing it ſelf; this goes a great deal further: ſo that in effect, in the *contempt* of *nothing*, we *do nothing*. But that we may not want matter to work upon, let us contemn and repreſs our Luſts, that we may be better acquainted with Poverty, and learn to meaſure the true value of things by the uſe of them. Now *the way to bring our ſelves with eaſe to a contempt of the World, is to think daily of leaving it.*

CHAP. V.

Chap. VII.

Of Anger: The Character of an angry man: The Effects, Causes, and Remedies of it.

1. TO be Angry at Anger, is almoſt the only juſtifiable exerciſe of that Paſſion: for it is againſt a moſt execrable, and outragious monſter; an Affection ſo unquiet, and turbulent, that if it once ſeiſes us, it unmans us. It is, in one word, *A ſhort Madneſs*, that carries a man headlong to Bloud and Revenge, without any regard to Friends, good Manners, or, indeed, to his own Security; for to take away another mans Life, he'll run any hazzard of his own, and (as in the fall of a Houſe) daſh himſelf to pieces upon the ruines of what he carries down before him. Neither is it a *brutal* only, but a moſt *ungraceful* Paſſion. The Eyes burn, and ſparkle, the Veins ſwell, the Hair ſtands on end, the Teeth grating, the Mouth all in a ſome, the Voice ſhril and pier-

piercing, the Countenance fierce and terrible, the Brow frowning, the Head joggling and nodding, and the whole Body in a continual and most uncomely Agitation: To say say nothing of the menacing Actions and Gestures; clutching and striking of the Hands, beating the Breast; stamping, and tearing the Hair, rending the Clothes, and all the Bloud in the Body boyling in the Face. How abominable must this be in the Mind, that shews it self so detestable in the Countenance? The Poets draw the *Furies* with Fire-brands and Snakes, howling and yelling, with hideous out-cries, which might serve for no ill Picture of a Man in choler; if I may call him a *man*, who by his beast-cruelty, and salvage fierceness, seems to have cast off all the Advantages, and Affections of Humanity. One may keep other Vices private, but this breaks out at the Eyes, and discovers it self in the Air of the Face: Like Fire, it devours all before it, and the more we strive to suppress it, the more furiously it burns. *An*

angry

Angry man is utterly uncapable either of Moderation or Reproof.

II. As for other Vices they are confin'd, we ſee, to certain Bounds and Limits; but Anger flies at all, and there is not any thing that ſcapes it, be it never ſo ſacred. Do we not invade Heaven it ſelf, both with open Blaſphemies, and ſecret Murmurings, againſt the Power, Goodneſs, and Providence of the Almighty? And our Anger extends it ſelf not only to thoſe that we think *have* done us an Injury, but to thoſe too, that poſſibly may *hereafter* do us one: So ingeniouſly do we improve our vain Imaginations, that we fall upon any man that has the Power to diſoblige us, as if he had done it already. Nay, we are many times in a Rage, we know not at whom, or for what; but yet we bluſter and fret; and for want of other matter to work upon, we fall upon our ſelves. Nor is it the Injury only that moves us; for we do frequently wreak our ſpight upon things inanimate, that cannot

(properly) either disoblige or affront us. As, for a Man to cut his Cloke to pieces, throw Dishes and Candlesticks about the House, split Pens in a Rage, and tear Paper, because things will not go as he would have them: what can be more ridiculous? The breaking of a Glass is enough to put many a man out of his Senses; The mislaying of a Napkin, the Screek of a Table drawn upon the Floor, and a thousand other things, which do neither deserve our Anger, nor feel it. A Restly Jade, a Barking Cur, the Buzzing of a Flie in our Ears, the Stinging of a Gnat: These forsooth are Provocations to transport us beyond all Patience, and Death without Mercy, to the poor Animal that offends us. *How great a Madness is it, to Punish Brutes and things insensible, for the Transgressions of Reasonable Creatures?*

III. If we proceed now to take a view of *Anger* in the *Effects*; we shall find it the greatest Plague that ever infested Humane Nature: How many

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Murthers, *Towns laid waſte*, whole *Nations* utterly *depopulated*, Heaps of *Slaughter'd Bodies*, (as if the Sword ſtrv'd with the Peſtilence) and the *Rivers running Blood*. Look upon the *Ruines* of the Nobleſt *Cities* of the World, *unpeopled Deſerts*, *Conflagrations*, *poyſon'd Fountains*, *extinguiſht Families*. Conſider all this, and you have here before your Eyes, the Fruits and Works of *Anger*. I ſhould think, that we are no longer a Society of *Men*, but a Multitude of *Beaſts*, were it not that I find Beaſts of the ſame kind to agree among themſelves, whereas Men are ſtill worrying of one another. Now there is this farther Miſchief in Anger; It defaces the Image of God in us, whoſe Works are altogether peaceable and calm. It caſts a Miſt before our eyes, ſo that we are not able to diſcern the Truth ourſelves; and it makes us ſtubborn and uncounſellable toward others. It diſturbs and diſtracts all the Faculties of the Soul, and let the Diſeaſe be never ſo foul, the Reputation it has gotten with the People,

keeps it yet in countenance; for wit the Rabble, *Anger passes for the Mar of a man of Honour.* But let us rathe consider now, *What Remedy* in th Case; and if we cannot utterly tak it away, how we may bring it a leaſt, to ſome ſort of Reaſon and Mo deration.

IV. The beſt way will be to begi with the Contempt or Neglect of th firſt Motive to it; for if we once loſ Ground, it will be hard recovering it: We are at the Mercy of *That* and not *That* at *Ours*; when the Ene my is within the Gate, he'll hardl take Conditions of his Priſoner. I is a much eaſier matter to keep him *out*, then to *Govern* him, when he's *entred.* In the *upper Regions* of the Air, we find neither *Clouds* nor *Tem peſts*, but altogether *Serenity* and *Qui et*; the *Thunder* is *below.* So is i with a great and generous Mind; I ſtifles the very firſt Motions to Diſ pleaſure; It gives not way ſo much as to a licentious word, but ſtands firm in a Station of Tranquillity and

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Compoſure; very well underſtanding, that by Tranſports of Anger, Evils are not remov'd, but made worſe. It is with Cholerick men, as with Birds that are Lim'd. The more they flutter, the faſter they are, and the more they ſtruggle, the more entangled. The *Anger* does us more hurt than the *Injury*. He that is angry upon the Apprehenſion that another man contemns him, does his Adverſary too much Honour, if he values it; and thinks too meanly of himſelf, if he revenges it. *Revenge is a Confeſſion of Trouble, and it is the part of a narrow Soul, to meditate a ſerious Revenge for an Imaginary Miſchief.*

V. In the Caſe of lying under a Slander, the Queſtion is not, what becomes *another* man to *ſay* or *do*; but what *we* are to *ſay* or *do*, *ourſelves*. Becauſe *another* man is *waſpiſh* and *perverſe*; Am *I* to break *my* Peace for't, and to be *froward* too, *my ſelf*? We are to imitate our Maker. How many impious Wretches does God

ſuffer to enjoy the common Benefit of Nature? And yet among Mortals one wicked man will not be perſuaded to endure another. Let us apply ourſelves to mend all at *home*, which we *may* do, without concerning ourſelves ſo much, for the Reforming of *others*, which we *cannot* do. Are we not Sinners? How little then is that we ſuffer, in compariſon of the Hell which we have deſerved? Are our Ears ſo delicate, that we cannot bear a Reproach? The Fault (and the Shame too) is his that does an Injury, not his that ſuffers it. The Sufferer is only to look upon his Affliction as a Portion allotted him from all Eternity for his greater Good. *Forgive, and you ſhall be forgiven*, is the Word of God himſelf. He that wakens not at this Thunder is not aſleep but dead. *It is our Intereſt to pardon others, as the Condition of being pardon'd ourſelves.*

VI. Among many Incentives to Anger, I reckon Suſpicion to be the ſlieſt and moſt inſinuating of all. Le

us away with it therefore upon any terms. *Good Lord*, (we cry) *how coldly, how ſtrangely ſuch a one look'd upon me! He would hardly take any notice of me. He gave me a word or two, and ſo went his way.* Of this we may be certain, he that is jealous, ſhall never want matter or colour for it; moſt people being apt to believe the worſt. An ill Conſtruction of things goes a great way in the very Injury we complain of: We are therefore to deal plainly and judge charitably. And we are to ſay to our ſelves on the behalf of the Abſent: *Who knows but this may be all a Story? In ill Reports it is not good to be over-credulous, and to take up a Pique at a venture before we fully underſtand the matter. Time and Leiſure will diſcover all.* In a *Trial at Law*, no man is caſt without a *Proof*, let the Cauſe be never ſo Trivial: And ſhall we dare then to condemn a *Friend* without a *Hearing*? He muſt be a very weak man, that preſently believes all he hears. Some there are that ſpread falſe Reports with an Intention to deceive: Others

again, do but tell what they hear, and are deceived themſelves. What is ſpoken in Private, is almoſt not ſpoken at all. What can be more unreaſonable, than to ſuppreſs the Cauſe of our Diſpleaſure, and yet publiſh the Effects of it? It is good ſometimes, to ſee and not ſee, and to hear and not hear. *He that ſeems not to know of an Injury, is not bound to take notice of it.*

VII. When I am told that any body ſpeaks ill of me, my Courſe ſhall be, to ask my own Conſcience, if I did not ſpeak ill of him firſt; and then to make it my own Caſe, *How many have I ſpoken ill of my ſelf?* This Reflection will make a man moderate, if not for the love of Virtue, yet for his own ſake at leaſt. Shall I play the Epicure my ſelf, and inveigh againſt Luxury in another? Put a Knight of the Poſt to declaim againſt Perjury? Be my ſelf perfidious, and challenge exact Fidelity from my Neighbour? Why ſhould not other People talk as freely of me as I do of

of them? I am to bethink my ſelf, not only what I *ſuffer*, but what I *do*; and not to reprehend That in another, which I find in my own Breſt. We are all bad enough, and to bear with one anothers Infirmities, is but common Equity. Nay ſuppoſe that we are not, as yet, Guilty; who knows how ſoon we may be ſo? *Let him that thinks he ſtands, take heed leſt he fall.*

VIII. The Wounds of an Enemy, the Offences of a Friend, the Diſobedience of a Child, the Careleſneſs or the Treachery of a Servant, are things ſo familiar, that we may as well wonder at a Roſe in the Spring, or an Apple in Autumn, as at any of them. A man that walks the Streets of a populous City, muſt expect to meet with a Slip in one place, a Stop in another, the Daſh of the Kennel in a third: Juſt ſuch are the Adventures of Life, and with the ſame Conſideration are they to be undergone. When a lewd Perſon caſts a Reproach upon a Good Man, let them but both

do

do their Parts, and there's no Hurt done. It is in the Nature of the one to do Miſchief, and it is the Duty of the other to requite Evil with Good. We are to try if we can mend him; which is never to be effected by Revenge, but rather by Patience and Obligations. It may perchance work a thorough Reformation upon him; but very probably, it will quiet and ſweeten him, at the leaſt: Or however, we our ſelves ſhall moſt certainly be the better for it, if he be not. Well! *There's ſuch a one is my mortal Enemy, he has ſpoken the baſeſt and the moſt diſhonourable things of me.* — How am I now to behave my ſelf in this caſe? Why truly, according to the Rules of Charity and of good Diſcretion: *I have this but at ſecond hand; I can hardly believe it. Or, if he did ſay it, ſome body has abus'd him; I am confident he had no ill meaning in it. Nay, it may be, he ſaid it on purpoſe that I ſhould hear on't again, and be the better for't. The Truth on't is, he hath Right on his Side, for I cannot much deny the thing;*

thing; and I'm e'en well enough ſerv'd for beginning with him. But after all This, what if it ſhall be found to be mere *Malice*, and a *Deſign* upon an *Innocent Perſon*. Was not my *Saviour more innocent*, and incomparably a *greater Sufferer?* I am to ſay with the Prophet, *I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, becauſe it was thy doing. Let us all look to our own ways, and have a Care, that what other People ſay or do amiſs, prove not unto us an Occaſion of Falling.*

IX. But what is it that troubles us? *Opinion?* If ſo; It is but *removing* that *Opinion*, and we are *ſecure*; and this methinks might be done by a very ordinary way of Reaſon. Nothing can hurt us, unleſs we joyn with it to hurt ourſelves. The Mind is ſafe and inacceſſible; out of the reach of Injuries and Accidents. It moves it ſelf, and in judging of Externals, It makes every thing only to be, as it is taken. *My Adverſary* (ſays one) *is certainly the vileſt Creature upon the Face of the Earth.* Let him

him alone then, say I, and leave him to be punisht by some other hand: Or however, he has his Torment already in his Transgression. *He's a man of Reason, and I wonder he can allow himself in these Liberties.* I prethee wonder at thy self too, and begin the Reformation at home, upon thy own Impatience, and *learn to overcome Evil with Good.* But *we have other mens faults in sight, and our own behind us. Oh the Pleasure of Revenge,* says the *Vindictive* man. *Let him take it then,* say I; upon condition, that he fall upon his greatest Enemy first. Let him begin with his extravagant Fury and Rage. Is not he a mad man that runs into the Streets to beat Boys for breaking his Windows, when he has Thieves in his House, that are ready to rifle him, and cut his Throat? When *Plato*'s hand was up in Choler, to strike an untoward Servant, he consider'd better of it, and checked himself; *Sirrah,* says he, *I would Box ye, if I were not angry with you:* judging it more for his Credit to chastise his *Passion,* before he meddled with his *Man:*

Man: and giving to underſtand that a *Cholerick Maſter* deſerves the Laſh better than a *Negligent Servant. You ſhall very rarely find any man Brave, that is Furious.*

X. *Judges* and *Publick Magiſtrates* may be allowed to put on a Countenance of *Severity* and *Diſpleaſure:* but if at any time it comes up to *Anger*, let it be ſo ordered as only to wait upon Reaſon, but not to preclude it. Offenders are to be reprehended, and corrected tóo, but without Paſſion. So long as there are bad men in the World, there will be Villany in it; and he that is reſolved to fret himſelf for whatſoever he ſees amiſs, ſhall never have one quiet Hour while he breaths. We are not angry at the *Heats* and *Colds* in their *proper Courſe* and *Seaſons:* no leſs *natural* are the *Indignities* we ſuffer from *wicked men*, and no otherwiſe ought we to concern our ſelves for them. A wiſe and a good man ſhould deal with Malefactors, as a Phyſician does with mad Men; do them all the Good

Good he can, and let their Extravagancies go for nothing. The only *Revenge* for a *Slanderer*, is to let him alone, as if he were not *worth* a Revenge. The leſs his Calumny works upon another, the more it works upon himſelf, by diſappointing him of the End and Pleaſure of his Contumely. But *'tis a Shame*, you'll ſay, *for a man to be contemn'd, and not to vindicate his Honour.* How great a Shame is it then, to *fear* to be *contemned*? for no man *fears* Contempt, but he that *deſerves* it. A wiſe man reckons nothing diſgraceful but Sin, for he governs himſelf, not according to the Judgment of Men but of God. If any man deſpiſe me, if any man hate me, let him look to it; It ſhall be my Care not to deſerve either. Patience is invincible, and triumphs in the End over Nature it ſelf. It is a kind of Imitation of God himſelf; who forgives all, ſuffers all, and with his Mercies tranſcends our Iniquities. *It is more glorious to take no notice at all of an Injury, than to pardon it.*

CHAP.

Chap. VIII.

Of Envy and Sloth, with their Deſcription and Cure.

I. THe Envious man is not only the *firſt*, but the *greateſt* Plague to himſelf. He preys upon his own Bowels, before he meddles with his Neighbours Goods; and it is not in this, as in other Vices, where the Puniſhment follows the Sin, for here it goes before it, and yet keeps it Company too, for they go hand in hand together. A Diabolical Affection! That another mans Happineſs muſt be my Torment; and that which makes him fat, muſt make me lean. In *other* Sins, we find only an oppoſition to this or that *particular Virtue:* But *Envy* perverts the very Nature of Things, and profeſſes open Enmity to *all Goodneſs.* Firſt, to *God himſelf*; whoſe Nature it is (humanely ſpeaking) to communicate all his Mercies and Bleſſings. Next, to the

the *Saints* and *Angels*, who rejoice in the Comforts of their Companions, as if they were their own. Thirdly, to *Christian Charity*, which bids us do good even to our Enemies. And lastly, to *the Law of Nature*, which commands us to wish other People as happy as our selves. *Envy* is a kind of *blear-ey'd Affection*; it cannot endure to look against the Light.

II. *Satan* indeed is *envious*, but it is against *men*, not his *Fellow-Devils*: whereas in *our Envy*, (worse than the *Devils themselves*) we fall foul one upon another: a Sign of a mean and abject Mind; for we envy nothing but what we think above us. He that would deliver himself from this Distemper must take his heart off from this transitory World, and fix it upon a Better. *The Love of Eternity, is the Death of Envy.* He that has set his Heart upon Heaven, can never envy any mans Enjoyments upon Earth. It were as if a Prince should envy a Cobler. He reckons the

the *World* and all the Glories of it not worth a ſerious Thought. We have enough to do, (a man would think) to ſtruggle with *our own Afflictions*, without vexing our ſelves at the *Proſperity* of *others*. *No man ſhall ever be Happy, ſo long as the ſight of a Happier man than himſelf can make him Miſerable.* If by envying the Wealth, the Abilities, the Dignity of our Neighbours, we could transfer all to our ſelves, it were ſomething. But this is never to be done by *Envy*; by *Love*, in ſome meaſure, it may; for by loving what's good in another, we make it our own.

III. We may couple *Envy* and *Sloth* together; for they both agree in *an abject Heavineſs of Mind.* The *Envious* mans Trouble is to ſee any body elſe Happy; and the *Slothful* mans, to deſpair of being ſo himſelf: And none but pitiful Wretches are ſubject to either of theſe Paſſions. *Sloth is the Vice of a languiſhing Spirit*, that's weary of eve-

ry thing that's good; and for fear of Blocks and Difficulties in the way, ſhrinks at the very Thought of any Generous Enterprize. *It will, and it will not.* The Sluggard is various and unconſtant; a Burthen to himſelf, a Trouble to others: He's perpetually wiſhing himſelf out of the world; weary of his Life, and the Contriver of his own Misfortunes. He's like a *Top*, in continual Agitation: The Whip drives him about, but 'tis only Round, not Forward: He ſtops ſtill at half-way, and goes through with nothing. All his Works are inſipid, and (like warm Water) a Vomit both to God and Man. This ſtupid Drowſineſs muſt be ſhak'd off, and a generous Reſolution taken up in the place of it, or we are undone for ever. *As the Bird is made to fly, ſo is Man born to labour*: And ſince *Labour* and *Travel* are our Portion, why ſhould we not rather take pains to be *happy*, than to be *miſerable*? Let us be never ſo lazy to *Godward*, the *World* will yet find us work enough to do. One Man labours for an *Eſtate*, another

another for a *Title*, or an *Office*; when half that Trouble and Diligence would ſecure us a *bleſſed Eternity*, and no body looks after it: But *Vices and Vanities come to a better Market*: The greater is our Shame, to be ſo dull and careleſs in a matter of that Importance, as not to endure the Labour of one Moment, for an eternal Reward. There is nothing ſo hard, but Courage, with Gods Bleſſing, may overcome. We phanſie Difficulties, where there are none. Whatever the Mind impoſes upon itſelf, it obteins. He that does what he can, does as much as he needs to do. *God helps the willing.*

Chap. IX.

Of Pride, Ambition, and Vain-Glory. The Description of a Proud Man. The Vanity of Dignities, and the Dangers. The Evils of High-mindedness, and the Cure.

I. *Pride*, *Ambition*, and *Vain-Glory* are Vices that are very near akin: and they are to other Sins, as the Sea is to the Rivers; the Source and Fountain of them all. When a man comes once to be blown up with this Tumour of *adoring himself*, farewel all *Reverence* and *Respect*, both to *God* and *Man:* and if there be no way to *Glory*, but by *Villany* and *Fraud*; by the *Ruine* or *Death* of his Brother; *That's the way he'll take without any Difficulty* or *Scruple.* The *Proud* Man is *abominable* to *God*, and *intolerable* to *Mankind:* All his Facul-

Faculties and Studies are bent upon *Popular Applauſe*. He takes wonderful Delight in the Contemplation of his own Abilities, and to think what pity 'tis, ſuch Men as he are not employed at the Helm. He's *as bold as blind Bayard*; and *puts his Oar into every Mans Boat*; ever magnifying himſelf, and deſpiſing all others. And yet all this is done under a Mask of Humility, for fear he ſhould be ſuſpected of Ambition. If he miſs his End, or fall into Diſgrace, the whole World is too little to hear his Story, and he makes it his Buſineſs to ſtir up Brawls and Diſputes. No man ſo *inſolent* and *domineering* to his *Inferiours*; nor ſo arrant a Slave to thoſe that are above him. He'll fawn upon ye like a Spaniel, and you ſhall find him as tame as a Mutton. If there be any thing in him that's Good, he has the Arrogance to challenge it to himſelf, as if God Almighty had no hand in't. He loves to be in at every thing, and to talk loud and Magi-

ſterially, of Matters that he underſtands no more than a Gooſe. He is a great *Meddler* in other Peoples Affairs; *Raſh* in his *Judgment*, and *ſevere* in his *Cenſure*. He's much better at Spying out his Neighbours *Faults* than his *Virtues*. He has a kind of diſdainful Singularity in his *Port*, *Words*, *Looks*, *Actions*, and *ways*. He is not to be wrought upon either by *Correction*, *Caution*, or *good Advice*. He wants abundance of good things, which he phanſies he has; and thoſe which really he is poſſeſt of, are nothing ſo great as he imagines them. And this it is that makes him gall and fret himſelf; as who ſhould ſay: *Good Lord! What an Age are we fallen into! when men of Parts are ready to beg their Bread, and ſuch as I am, come to be neglected!* He is afflicted with a *perpetual Palpitation of the Heart*, and it can hardly be otherwiſe with one that is continually upon the *Tip-toe*, and ſtreining at (*Honour*) a Thing which is out of his Reach.

Pride

Pride is the Foundation of all Evil.

II. If we will know the Difference between the ſmalleſt Particle of *Eternal Bliſs*, and the whole Sum of what appears to be deſirable in *this World* (*Kingdoms*, *Empire*, nay the *intire Univerſe it ſelf*) let us but lay them in the Scale, one againſt the other, and the *Earth* with all the *Pomps* and *Pleaſures* of it, are not ſo much as a *Leaf*, or a *Feather* in the Balance. Let us look upward then, and addreſs our ſelves to the End, for which we were created, and laying aſide all vain Opinions of our own Excellencies; let us examine our ſelves, and take a true Eſtimate of our Worth and Value. He that is proud in a mean Condition, certainly, if he had been born to a Crown, there would have been no enduring him. Now I would have every Chriſtian to prize himſelf, not as the Son of *Cæſar*, but (which is more) as the Son of *God*, redeemed by the

pretious Blood of *Christ*. This is an Extraction that is truly *Honourable*; Why do we not glorifie our selves upon this Account, but rather lie groveling upon the Earth to the Scandal of our Divine Original? *God* is our *Father*, who hath elected us to the Dominion of the Heavens, and the Stars, and given us an Assurance of an everlasting Possession. *Here* lies our *Glory*, our *Nobility*, our *Comfort*: *Here* we may *lawfully boast*. Let us therefore raise our *Eyes* and our *Hearts*, and frame our Lives and Manners to the Likeness of our Father which is in Heaven. This is the way that leads to *True* and to *Immortal Honour*.

III. As for *Crowns* and *Scepters*, what are they but *Golden Fetters* and *glaring Miseries?* which, if Men did but truly understand, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings to govern them. *A great Fortune is a great Slavery; and Thrones are but uneasie Seats*, and so they find them that

that poſſeſs them, let the Multitude conceive of them what they pleaſe. That Felicity cannot but be troubleſome to the *Ruler*, that makes him burthenſom to his *People*. And when it comes to that once, how ſick they grow of that Splendor which charmed and dazled them before! What *Contemplations* and *Philoſophiſing* upon the Bleſſings of *Privacy* and *Freedom*, and the *Vanity* of *Earthly things*! They look then with *Terror* upon *Death* and the *Laſt Judgment*: and all the Greatneſs that they have purchas'd with ſo much Sweat and Bloud, ſhrinks to nothing at the very Thought. Let us therefore ſo live that we may appear with Comfort before the *great Tribunal*. *He that humbles himſelf now, ſhall be exalted hereafter.*

IV. He that thinks he ſhall be *ſafe* and *quiet*, when he is *great*, is directly out of his Wits. Many Liberties may be taken in a Private Condition, that are dangerous in a Publick. The higher we are raiſed, the

the more eminent are our Infirmities: There's no concealing of any thing upon the Top of the House. We have lost even the Tranquillity that we had before. There's not a Day, not an Hour, that we can call our own. And then the *Fall* is in a manner from *Heaven* to *Hell*. How can we then expect *Peace* and *Repose* in a Station, where all that ever went before us, have encountred Hazards and *Trouble*, if not *Death it self*? How many Princes have been poysoned at their very Tables, betray'd in the Arms of their Mistresses? *Cæsar* was murthered in the *Senate-house*. He that stands high, upon a slippery place; and the Brink of a Precipice; *God have mercy upon him*: but the man that stands below, upon the firm Ground, needs not fear Falling. In our Greatnesses, we are to consider, that every man that admires, and flatters us, Envies us too in his Heart. What with our open, and our secret Enemies, we are never secure. We are betray'd by our Servants, our Friends, our Relations.

lations. But these are the *Sins* and *Miseries* of *Courts*, not of *Cottages*. *He that lies Close, lives Quiet. He fears no body, of whom no body is afraid.*

V. A Man could hardly forbear Laughing, to see a Horse or a Dog, take upon himself an Authority over the rest of his Kind: and is it not more ridiculous for a Man to do it, because he has more Money perhaps, or more Power? *Proud Dust and Ashes!* to exalt himself upon his own Bottom, when he has nothing good in him, but what he has received from above. We can call nothing our own, but our Sins. Let us render Glory then, for what we have received, unto him that gave it. Do we prefer one *Horse* before another because he has *more Meat*, or *gayer Trappings?* No, by no means; but we reckon him to be the *better*, that's the *fleeter*. No more is a *Man* to be esteemed for any thing apart from himself. But *I'm a Person of Quality*, says one, *and the*

the beſt man in the Company. The very ſaying of ſuch a thing is a Forfeiture of the Honour he pretends to; for no man is truly Honourable, but a Good man, with whom this Titular Honour is of no Accompt. True Nobility does not advance it ſelf, and the great Ornament of an illuſtrious Life is Modeſty. *Humility goes a great way in the Character even of the moſt glorious Prince.*

VI. If we would but take a meaſure of our little Bodies, and make a Search into our Infirmities, we ſhould find much to humble us, and very little or nothing to brag of. The Philoſophers tell us that *the World is but a Point*: and yet we muſt be dividing even of this *Point*, into *Kingdoms* and *Dominions*. The *Earth* we trample upon ſhall ere long be laid upon *us*; and of all our Poſſeſſions, we ſhall have only ſo much left, as will ſerve to cover a cold and rotten Carcaſe. And is not here a goodly Foundation, think ye, for all our great and mighty Projects? This Con-

Conſideration methinks ſhould put a Check to our furious and inſolent Paſſions: There's no deſigning of Conqueſts, and ranging of Armies in the Grave. When the mad Humour is over, we ſhall come then (though too late I fear) to underſtand the Emptineſs of *Names* and *Titles*; and that they are like *Glaſs*, the *Brighter*, the *Brittler*; and the more they ſhine, the ſooner they are broken. *The Oak, that has been an Age a growing, is cut down in an Hour.*

VII. He that withdraws himſelf from *Company*, has cut off one dangerous Temptation: For Pride ſhews it ſelf more or leſs, in proportion to the Number of Spectators. People dreſs and trick up themſelves to be ſeen. Are not all the Exceſſes of *Luxury*, and *Magnificence*, for *Oſtentation*? Did ever any man expoſe the Pomp of his Vanity and Riot in a Deſert? Ambition loves to ſhew it ſelf in the Face of the World; and is never ſo well pleaſed as with a Popular Applauſe. When the Bee has

has made her Honey; the Horſe finiſh'd his Courſe; the Tree brought forth its Fruit, their Buſineſs is at an End: But the Man that is ſtruck with *Vain-Glory*, accounts all the reſt as nothing, without making himſelf the *Idol* of the *Multitude*; and to be *adored*, *flattered*, and *pointed at* by the *Rabble*. But certainly, did we but duly conſider *who* they are that *commend* us, we ſhould hardly think them worth our Courtſhip. They are a *vain* and *fickle* ſort of Men; the *Dregs* of *Mankind*, and made up of *Phrenſie*, and *Contradiction*. They are ſhort-liv'd, both the Beſtowers and the Receivers of theſe Applauſes. The Earth it ſelf is but a Point, and this is done but in a Corner, even of that Point. There were divers *Diſſenters* too, and ſcarce a man of all the reſt that knows his own Mind. *But 'tis a brave thing for a Man to make himſelf famous to Poſterity:* That is to ſay, to thoſe whom we never *did* ſee, nor ever *ſhall*. Why are we not as well *troubled*, that no body talk'd of us before we came into the World,

World, as delighted to think how we ſhall be ſpoken of, after we are gone out of it. Nay, let us give it for granted, that our *Memories* ſhall be *perpetuated*, and *our Names live for ever*. What then? what ſhall we be the better for this, when we are *dead*? Or to come nearer, what are we the better for this ſame thing called *Fame*, even while we are *living*? A man is many times *commended*, where he is *not*, and *tormented* where he *is*. The Value of every thing is in it ſelf; and it is neither the better for a good Word, nor the worſe for wanting it. The Sun would be every jot as glorious without Spectators, as with them, The Roſe is never the ſweeter, nor the pleaſanter; the Diamond is never the brighter, for an *Encomium*. It is a ſtrong Proof of a generous Mind, for a man to be content with himſelf, and not to depend upon the Breath of the Common People for his Satisfaction. He that covets Praiſe, does not deſerve it; for what is there in us, that is Praiſe-worthy? Frail and miſerable Wretches

Wretches that we are! (and at the best, but *Unprofitable Servants.*) If there be any man that has the Confidence to justifie himself, and say he has done his Duty; Let him have a Care, that he be *really*, what he would be *thought* to be; and that he approve himself in that which the World esteems him for. Our *Being*, *Life*, and *Reason*, we ow to Almighty God, and the only thing we can claim to our selves is our Iniquity. *Nothing* we *are*, and *nothing* we have to *boast* of; and till we acknowledge this, we shall never be any thing.

Chap. X.

Of the Government of the Body, and the Senſes. How far the Body may be indulged. The Luſt of the Eye, and Exceſs in Apparel are condemned.

I. IN the Entertainment of our *Bodies*, we are to take Care, that they be kept in *Obedience* to the *Mind*, on the *one* hand, and want nothing that is *neceſſary* for *Health*, on the *other*. We are to *provide* for them, but not wholly to *ſerve* them. Give me *Meat* to lay my *Hunger*; *Drink* to quench my *Thirſt*; *Clothes* to keep me *warm*; and *Lodging* to ſhelter me from the *Weather*; I'll ask no more: Nay, we are to ſuſpect all Superfluities; for *Whatſoever is beyond a Competence, is a Snare.* He that is over-ſolicitous for his Body, is the contrary for his Soul; And certainly we are born to Nobler Ends,

than to be Slaves to our Carcaſes; which we are no otherwiſe to conſider, than as the Cages and Priſons of our Minds. A *wiſe* and a *good man* does not ſo behave himſelf as if his *Body* were the *main End* of his *Being*; but he takes care of it becauſe he cannot live without it. The *Body* is the *Inſtrument* of the *Soul*; and 'tis not for a Workman to neglect his Trade, and ſpend his whole time in ordering his Tools. It is the Sign of a Sot, to be always tending of the Body.

II. Since it is by the Windows of the *Senſes*, that Death enters into the Soul, we are to draw them, as much as may be, from the earthly Life, to the Heavenly, and to keep them from being altogether taken up with worldly Delights. (For we are to uſe them as Servants, not as Maſters.) In the firſt place we are to ſet a Guard upon our *Eyes*. There is not any thing that more powerfully moves the Imagination, ſtirs the Appetite, or works upon the Mind,

Mind, than a *wandring Glance*; and the Miſchief is done in a moment. Wherefore let the Inward Eye accompany the exterior, that we may ſee God, in every thing we look upon; and when we ſhall have once learnt to adore him in his *Creatures*, our next Step will be, the Contemplation of his Divine Majeſty, and to worſhip him in *Himſelf*. *A delicate well-dreſt Woman is an elaborate Luxury.* There's *Death* in her very Looks, and if you ſtand to gaze upon her, you're undone. *Comedies*, *Balls*, and *Publick Spectacles* do but *weaken* the *Mind*, and fill it with *Toys*, that take us off from the Conſideration of better Things. *One Errour in the Eye begets another in the Affections.*

III. *Hearing* is the Senſe of *Diſcipline*; the *Gate* by which the Notions of *Truth* and *Wiſdom*, are convey'd into the Mind. If the Paſſage of the *Ear* be not narrowly watch'd, we ſhall entertain *Lies* and *Fables* for *Verities*, and *Folly* for *Wiſdom*. We muſt keep out all *Slanderers*, *Tale-*

bearers, *News-mongers*, *Babblers*, *Busie-bodies*, *Idle Impertinents*, and whatsoever else is beside our main Business. As in *Musick*, a Man is not only affected upon the very Instant of hearing it, but the Harmony leaves an Impression behind it, that works upon him when it is over; so in *Conversation*, a lewd Discourse, though it does us no Hurt perchance, at present, will be yet running in our Heads afterward, and create in us evil Dispositions. The less we hear *Men* about our *Ears*, the more shall we hear *God* in our *Hearts*. As to *Perfumes* and *pretious Odors*, they are an *effeminate* kind of *Luxury*. Let us sweeten our *Manners*, for it is more *noble* and *manly*, to indulge our *Souls*, than our *Nostrils*. The *Taste* is to be humbled by *Abstinence* and *Sobriety*. The *Touch* by *Discipline*, *Mortifications*, and *Austerities*. Is it not better to *punish* the *Body*, and *preserve* it, than so to *flatter* and *indulge* it, as to *ruine* both *Body* and *Soul* for ever?

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IV. One may give a ſhrewd gheſs at the Humour of a Man, by his *Clothes*: There is ſome regard therefore to be given to the *decency* of our *Apparel* and *Dreſs*. *A Fool is known by his Coat.* The antient Sages among the Heathen would not ſuffer a man ſo much as to hold up his Finger, without giving a Reaſon for it. Now though I would not be ſo ſtrict, I could wiſh yet, that men would be a great deal more careful in many caſes than they are. I do not like *profuſe Laughter*, *Scurrility*, *Looſe Behaviour*, *Antique Motions* and *Geſtures*, a *huddling Gate*, nor any thing whatſoever that may give Offence; as *Foul Linen*, a *greaſie Doublet*, an *unpleaſant Countenance*, *waggling* the *Head* or *making Apes Faces*, *Yawning* and *looking about*, as if one were weary of the Company; nor (in Concluſion) any thing to make them weary of us. Many things may be well enough *done*, that are not fit to be *ſeen*.

V. *Man* was created *naked*, and he was not *ashamed*; for he knew no *Shame* in it. But after his *Transgression*, came in his *Shame*; he lost his *Innocence*, that kept him in *Countenance before*, and made himself *Breeches* to cover his *Nakedness*. But that which was originally, a Mark of *Guilt* and *Shame*, is now become a Badge of *Dignity* and *Honour*. Our *Garments*, now adays, are not so much for *Covering*, as for *Ornament*; and to entertain the *Eyes* and *Curiosities* of *others*. The *Trimming* and *Dress* is the *Index* of the *Mind*. It is a *scandalous Effeminacy* for a man to spend his time betwixt the *Comb* and the *Glass*. If he that's proud or enamour'd of an *Outside*, did but well consider what's *under* it, I am persuaded, it would take down his Stomach. He that has *Virtue* in his *Mind*, never troubles himself about *Lace* for his *Back*. *Virtue* is best in her *native Beauty*, without *Arts* or *Fucusses*; and so *glorious* in *herself*, that if she were covered with *Jewels*, they would but serve her for

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a *Foil*. It is a miſerable Miſtake in men, to beſtow ſo much *Coſt* and *Care* upon the *Body*, and leave the *Soul* in all manner of *Pollution* and *Uncleanneſs*. To ſee men load themſelves with *Chains*, and becauſe they are of *Gold*, to *glory* in them too; without any ſenſe of *Infamy* or Contempt: as if the *Mettal* made the Difference. We are *Princes*, in *Golden Fetters*, and *Slaves* in *Iron*. Some are only *ſhackled* with Gold, *others* are *riveted* and *faſtned* to it. Their *Ears* are *bored*, where they carry a whole *Patrimony* in a *Pendent*; and that which was in old time a *Puniſhment*, is now become a piece of *Vanity* and *Ambition*. There is more pains taken about the ordering of a *Perruke*, than for the Security of the very *Head* it ſelf. And ſo far has Folly prevailed upon the World, that we ſet the higheſt value upon thoſe things that ought to be our Scorn. I would have my *Clothes*, *plain* and *fit* for my *Condition*; ſuch, as I would be neither *proud* nor *aſham'd* of; not for *Oſtentation*, but *Neceſſity*. It is not *Gold* and *Pearl*, that

will keep any man from being *deformed*, who is not *clothed* with *Christ's Righteousneſs*. This is the *everlaſting Beauty*, that ſhines in the *Soul*, when the *Fleſh* is *Worms-Meat*. *Who but a Mad-man will be at the Charge to gild a Dunghil?*

Chap. XI.

Of the Guard of the Tongue: How much it concerns us to govern it, and the Difficulty of ſo doing. Certain Directions what we are to obſerve in ſpeaking; what to avoid. How to behave our ſelves in caſe of Calumny or Slander.

I. THe *Tongue* has in a manner the Power of *Life* and *Death*; and it is of ſo great moment, the *Government* of it, that we are to look very narrowly to it. A *Tongue* without

out a *Guard* upon it, is like a *City* without a *Wall*. There is no taming of it, without the ſpecial Grace of God. *Lions*, *Bulls*, *Bears*, are a thouſand times more eaſie to be *reclaim'd*. *Men* are *naturally* given to be *talkative*, and preſently to *communicate* their *Thoughts*, as ſoon as they have *conceiv'd* them: and then, being ſo near the *Brain*, the Phanſie conveys it ſelf down, and diſtils it ſelf into *Words* immediately. It is not for nothing, that Nature herſelf thought fit to encloſe the Tongue with the double Fence; both of the Teeth and Lips. Open the *Mouth* of a *Glaſs*, and the *Spirits evaporate*: *Open* the *Mouth* of a *Man*, and ſo does the *Vigour* of his *Mind*. He looks but ill to himſelf, that lets his Tongue run at Random.

II. We are to conſider before we ſpeak, and not be blurting out, *without Fear or Wit*, whatſoever comes at our Tongues End. Let a man deliver himſelf *candidly* and *clearly*, without any *Myſtery* or *Diſguiſe*. God Almighty hath beſtowed the Faculty of

of *Speech* upon us, for the Teſtimony and Propagation of the *Truth*. He that gives Licence to his Tongue, when he is in a Paſſion, will ſpeak that in a moment, that he may repent all all his Life after: Let him therefore examine himſelf, and forbear till the Storm is over. When a mans Mind is at quiet, 'tis an eaſie matter to keep his Tongue ſo too, for there is naturally a fair Correſpondence between them. A *ſober* and *reaſonable Diſcourſe* is an Argument of a *ſound*, *temperate*, and *well-compoſed* Frame of *Mind*. And on the other ſide, the one blaſts the other. *The Value of a man is beſt known by his Diſcourſe.*

III. *Better not ſpeak at all, than to no purpoſe.* We can make choice of our *Meats*, why not of our *Words* too? We can examine what goes *into* our Mouths, and why not what comes *out* of them as well? for the latter is more dangerous in a *Family*, than the *other* in the *Stomach*. He that converſes much with himſelf, and little with other People, is the wiſeſt and the

the happieſt Man; for more have repented themſelves of their *ſpeaking*, than of their *Silence*. Nay, even of *Animals*, the moſt *apprehenſive* among them are the leaſt *clamorous*. Women and *Children* are the moſt given to *Babling*. Many vain and unprofitable Words are the certain Indication of a weak and a worthleſs man. If we lov'd God, and ſtudy'd our own Salvation as we ought, our Diſcourſe would be altogether of *Him*, of *Virtue* and *Perfection*. Love can neither diſſemble nor conceal it ſelf, and where we truly love, we can talk of nothing elſe. We are not willing to treat of heavenly things, becauſe our Affections are not yet taken off from the Corruptions of the Fleſh. And then for want of Reading and Meditation, we are at a Loſs even for Matter, if we had never ſo good a Will to the Diſcourſe. *Out of the Abundance of the Heart, the Mouth ſpeaketh.*

IV. When Company meets, the better half of the Converſation is commonly ſpent in talking of other Peoples

Peoples Affairs: Where every man has almoſt as many Judges to ſit upon him, as there be Heads in the Town: but not a Creature that looks homeward. We are all of us as *blind* on *that* ſide, as we are *ſharp-ſighted* on the *other*. In caſes of *Reproof* and *Scandal*, our Ears are *open* to every idle Story; but let any thing be ſpoken to the *Honour* and *Vindication* of our Neighbour, we take *no notice* of it *at all*. *Detraction* is a *common* Fault, and the *commoner*, (like an infectious Diſeaſe) the more *dangerous*. But what have we to do with other peoples Faults, when every man has work enough at home, to mend one? Have a care of blabbing Secrets on any terms, or of committing Secrets raſhly to any body; for it has been many a mans Ruine. And whether a man be betrayed by *one* or by *more*, it is the ſame thing. For a Word paſſes from *one* to *another*, till it comes to *all* at laſt. This Facility is commonly found among People that are full of Diſcourſe, and that love to hear themſelves talk; They

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are poſſeſt with a kind of Drunkenneſs, and when their Tongues are once going, they can hold nothing, be it never ſo private and ſacred. They interchange their Secrets by turns; firſt the one, and then the other requites him as a Seal of the Confidence. If the one keeps Counſel; the other tells all perchance to the next man he meets, till every body comes to know that *under the Roſe*, which no body ſeems to know openly. But in the Concluſion, It goes on ſo long in a Whiſper, till at length the Secret overflows, and becomes a publick Rumour. There is ſcarce any Evil under the Sun, which the Tongue has not had a ſhare in: We ſhould therefore weigh our Words, and bridle our Mouths, for fear of bolting ſomewhat that had been better let alone. It is much more commendable to be ſparing of our *Words*, than of our *Money*. He that ſquanders away his Eſtate, though he does himſelf Hurt, yet others are the better for him: but the Profuſion of the Tongue, every body is the worſe

worse for't. *To hear much and speak little, is a divine Virtue.*

V. There is not any thing that scapes the Lash of a licentious Tongue. No, not the *Princes* of the Earth with all their *Power*. Not the holy *Saints* and *Martyrs*, with all their *Sanctity* and *Innocence*. Nay our *blessed Saviour himself*, when he was upon Earth, suffered under *Contumely* and *Reproach*. So that we are not without *Great Examples*, to *encourage* and *excite* our *Patience*. He that behaves himself as he ought to do, under the Persecution of ill Tongues, may reap an Advantage from them: for *Detraction is a kind of Provocation to Virtue*, and as good as a Bridle to keep a man in the right way; and though it be a great Wickedness it self, in him that uses it, there is not yet (in the Consequence) a greater Enemy to Wickedness in another. When any body speaks ill of us, we are to make use of it as a *Caution*, without troubling our selves at the *Calumny*. He that would disappoint the Malice of a venomous Tongue,

Tongue, let him ſlight it; let him but hold his Peace, and it does him no hurt. If my *Conſcience* tells *me* that I am *Innocent*, what do I care who tells the *World* that I am *guilty?* He's in a fine Caſe that values himſelf upon other Peoples Opinions, and depends upon the Judgment of Fools, for the Peace of his Life. When any man is ill ſpoken of, let him conſider; If I have *not* deſerved it, I am never the worſe; If I *have*, I'll mend. If a Jewel be *right*, no matter who ſays 'tis a *Counterfeit*. It is not the decrying and diſcrediting of a Cryſtal Brook, that will turn it into a Puddle: Nay if you throw Dirt into it, you ſhall ſee it clear again preſently. Let us learn Virtue then from the very Fountains and Rivers; and maintain Tranquillity of Mind, in deſpight of Cenſure and Oppoſition. It is a womaniſh Weakneſs and Levity, to be ſtartl'd at every Report. To ſee a Child in the Mothers Arms tearing of her Hair, ſtriking her, pinching her Breſts, clawing and ſlavering of her Face; there is not any body that will take this

this for an Affront, becauſe the poor creature cannot intend it ſo, and knows not what it does. No more ought we to be moved in the Caſe of a Calumny, then Parents are at the behaviour of an Infant. He that lets himſelf down to be wrought upon by an Injury, does too much Honour to his Adverſary: For where it *vexes* me to be *deſpiſed*, it would wonderfully *pleaſe* me to be *eſteemed*. This is the Humour of a narrow Mind; And *no man ſhall ever be happy, whom Contempt can make miſerable.*

CHAP.

Chap. XII.

Of the internal Senſes. The Uſe of Opinions. The Mind is to be tinctured with good Thoughts. Of Bridling the Senſitive Appetite, and depraved Affections: divers Precepts to that End.

I. IT is a main Point of *Wiſdom*, not to admit of any Opinion into the Mind, which is not conſonant to *Nature* or *Reaſon*: Wherefore we are to ſet our ſelves againſt all the *Inordinate Motions* of *Phanſie*, as the *Logicians* do againſt the *Quirks* and *Fallacies* of *Sophiſtry*. *My Son's dead*: I'm not to blame for't; I could not help it. *My Father has diſinherited me*: And that's the ſame caſe with the other. Well! *There's ſomething that I take very ill*: Now this is not well done, for 'tis my own Act, and a thing in my own power to prevent. *Such a man bears his Misfortunes with*

great Honour: He does well in't; for it was in his own Power, and the thing it self is good. *My Friend is carried away to Prison:* That's no great matter. *Oh but he has very hard measure* (you'll say:) correct Opinion, and there's no hurt in that neither. We should deal with the Imagination, as we do with a Madman; keep it in Chains for fear of Mischief. For otherwise a wild Beast is not so ungovernable. It flies out, rambles, extravagates, hunts after Novelties; takes no Rest, and knows no such thing as Moderation. We are to restrain and fix it, if we can: for otherwise, instead of a clear and constant Reason, all our Thoughts and Resolutions are to be steered only by Uncertainty and Opinion. *Whatsoever falls not within the Compass of the Mind, is beside our business.*

II. Whensoever any thing presents it self to our Thought, we are thoroughly to examine the matter within our selves. First, as to the Nature of the thing, simply and in it

it ſelf abſtracted from all things elſe. And then, as to the Proprieties, the End, Circumſtances, Benefit: How far it may concern us; whether it be in our Power, or no? without which we are to give it no Admittance; but on the contrary, as much as poſſible, to oppoſe it. Let every man remember, that there is a Searcher of Hearts, and take heed of expoſing to Almighty God, thoſe Corruptions in his Soul, which he would bluſh to own to a familiar Friend in an honeſt Converſation. Let our Thoughts be peaceful, ſincere, pure, and void of Malice: ſuch (in fine) as if any man ſhould ask us (on the ſudden) what they are? we need not ſcruple to own them. We are not ſo much as to *think* what we are aſhamed to *ſpeak*. *The beſt way to keep out wicked Thoughts, is to be always employ'd upon good ones.*

III. The greateſt *Oppoſite* and *Enemy* to the *Reaſonable Soul*, is the *Brutal* and *ſenſitive Appetite:* the Fountain of all Sins and Imperfections,

the Adverſary that we are always to fear, and ſtruggle with, till we have brought him (as far as may be in this Life) under the Government of Reaſon. This is a Combat that admits neither *Quiet*, nor *Truce*. We have a reſtleſs Enemy to deal withal, and it muſt be a reſtleſs Conflict. An Enemy that lurks in our own Veins; nay, the one half of us is in a Conſpiracy againſt the other. We are to reſcue our Souls from our Bodies; and to aſſault our ſelves: He that ſubdues his Paſſions does a greater thing than he that conquers a City. I do not ask an Impoſſibility, and that we ſhould utterly extinguiſh our depraved Affections; let us only learn to govern them: I am not for a *Stoical Apathy*, but for a *Reaſonable* and a *Chriſtian Moderation*. Nature was never guilty of any thing that is vain and ſuperfluous. Take away all Affections, and you take away all Virtue. *Where there is no Combat, there can be no Victory.*

IV. This

IV. This Diſpute, I muſt confeſs, is both difficult and doubtful: For our *Paſſions* are a great deal *older* than our *Reaſon*. *They* came into the world *with* us, but our *Reaſon* follows, a long time *after*: And when our Affections have a good while domineered and carry'd our Wills (blindfold, as it were) into all ſorts of ſpecious Miſtakes, under the colour of Good: then up ſteps *Reaſon* (in proceſs of time, and fortify'd by Experience) to claim her Right of *Authority* and *Juriſdiction*, and to put a check to the Tyranny of our *Brutal Appetites*. As to the *firſt Motions* of Nature, there's no *preventing*, no *avoiding* of them; but then it concerns us to keep a ſtrict Watch over them, that they do not grow upon us; and if we find them unruly or impetuous, to ſubject them to the Government of Reaſon. We may better ſtruggle with *Beginnings* than with *Habits*. If we be but circumſpect, we may eaſily keep our ſelves quiet: For he that fore-caſts what may happen,

ſhall never be ſurpriz'd. 'Tis too late to begin to Arm, when the Enemy is in our Quarters. In the multiplicity of our Words and Actions, how much is there that might be ſpar'd! Let us therefore contract our ſelves; the leſs we have to do with the World, the leſs will be our Trouble. And it is not for us to ſay, *This* or *That is a ſmall Buſineſs*: for I tell ye, let it ſeem never ſo ſmall, *It is a great Advance, the very firſt Step that leads to Virtue and Perfection.*

V. If we may compare to a *Tree*, the *old man* in us, that derives his Original from the infected Seed of *Adam*; we may reſemble *Self-Love* to the *Root*; a *Perverſe Inclination* to the *Trunk*; *Perturbations* to the *Branches*; *Vitious Habits* to the *Leaves*; *Evil Works*, *Words* and *Thoughts*, to the *Fruit*. Now the way to hinder all ſubſequent Corruptions and Wickedneſs, is to lay the Ax to the Root, and to begin with *Self-Love*. Take away *That*, and the whole *Off-*

Spring

Spring of *Carnal Appetite* is deſtroy'd at one Blow. And this is done by *Humility* and *Contempt of our ſelves.* We muſt be lowly in our own Eyes, and not fear either the *Scorn* or the *Diſpleaſure* of Men: We muſt cheerfully ſubmit to what condition ſoever God hath appointed for us, *He that hates himſelf as he ought, ſhall be ſav'd; He that loves himſelf as he ought not, is in danger to periſh.*

Chap. XIII.

Of Love, the Nature of it, Cauſes, and Effects. Its Remedies; and ſomewhat added of Hatred.

I. *Love* is a certain Delight or Satisfaction we take in that which is *Good:* the firſt Impreſſion that affects the Appetite; proceeding from the Pleaſure we take in a known Good. It is the Ciment of

the World; the moſt powerful of all our Paſſions; ſubdue this once, and the reſt are eaſily overcome. The Love which is divine, aſpires naturally toward its Original. All *Good* comes from the *Sovereign Good*, and thither it tends. Let every man call his own Soul to a Shrift, and ſee what it is that his Heart is moſt ſet upon: For it is either the *God*, which he *ſhould worſhip*, or the *Idol*, which he ſhould *not*. It is the Command of God, *that we love him with the whole Heart*, and without a *Rival*. *He that loves any thing elſe, with his whole Heart, makes that his God.*

II. Beſide the ordinary Motives to Love, which are *Virtue* and *Beauty*, there is alſo a certain Agreement and Congruity of Minds and Manners: together with ſeveral Graces and Advantages both of Body and Mind: As Modeſty of Behaviour, Induſtry, Nobility, Learning, Sharpneſs of Wit, *&c.* But *the great Attractive of Love, is Love it ſelf*; which, if accompany'd with Benefits, is ſufficient

cient to turn, even the ſtrongeſt *Averſion* into a *Kindneſs*. Men of clear Spirits, warm and ſanguine Conſtitutions, mild and gentle Natures, are much given to Love.

III. So great is the Power of Love, that it does in a manner, tranſform the Lover, into the thing belov'd. It is a kind of a willing Death, a voluntary Separation of the Soul and Body. He that is in Love is out of himſelf; he thinks not of himſelf, he provides nothing for himſelf, and effectually, he is as good as no where at all, if he be not with the thing he loves: His Mind is in one place, and his Body in another. How miſerable is that man that loves, and loves not God! What Proportion is there betwixt a corruptible Object and the Immortal Soul! The End of ſuch Love is Vanity, and Vexation, and Diſappointment: whereas he that loves God, lives always where he loves; in him, in whom all things live; and in a ſecure Poſſeſſion of an unchangeable Good. In *Carnal Love* there

there is a Mixture of *Bitterneſs* and *Violence*; but the Love of *God* is altogether *humble* and *calm*. The *one* is full of *Jealouſies*, the *other* has *none*. *Here* we are *afraid* of *Rivals*, and *there* we *pray* for them. We are to love God, if we love our ſelves; for *we* are only the better for it, not *He*. *Man is changeable and mortal, but there's no loſing of God, unleſs we forſake him.*

IV. If we would have the *Love* we bear to our *Neighbour*, *ſyncere*, it muſt be wholly founded upon *Piety* and *Religion*; abſtracted from all the *common Conſiderations* of *wit*, *Likeneſs*, *Good Humour*, &c. The *Platonic Love* which pretends from the ſight of a corporal Beauty, to raiſe the Soul to the Contemplation of the *Divine*, proves in the End to be the very Bane of Virtue. It is very rarely that a man ſtops at the *view* of a lovely Woman, without a deſire to come *nearer*; and whether it be a *Ray* only, or ſome kind of *Faſcination* with it, that paſſes from the *Eye* to the *Object*; *ſomewhat* there is that *diſſolves* a man, and *ruines* him. There's

There's more danger in a Slip of the *Eyes*, than of the *Feet*. The *Cure* of *Love* is the more difficult, becauſe the more we oppoſe it, the ſtronger Reſiſtance it makes: And if it be not checkt at the very Beginning, it comes ſo inſenſibly upon us, that we are in, before we are aware; but if we begin with it betimes, the Remedy is not difficult. *One* way of *Cure* may be by *Diverſion*, and plunging a mans ſelf into *buſineſs*, to put the Thought of it out of his Head: But then we muſt avoid all Occaſions and Circumſtances, that may mind us of the Perſon we love. For if we relapſe, there will be no Remedy, but *Time* and *Abſence*; and we muſt expect to be perpetually ſeized with it, till in the End it's weary'd out, and falls aſleep. Many have been cur'd out of mere *Shame*, to ſee themſelves *pointed at*, and made *Town-Talk*, and then perhaps, they may have been brought to a better underſtanding of the Diſhonour and Hazard of their Proceeding. Others have relieved themſelves by finding out of *Faults* and *Inconveniences*, and

and by enquiring into the *Errours* and *Imperfections* of the thing they *love*. But the laſt and ſureſt Remedy is to drive out a *Carnal Love* with a *Spiritual*; and to turn our *Affections* to *God*, to *Virtue*, to *Heaven*, and to *Eternity*, which are truly amiable. A generous Mind cannot but be aſham'd to ſet his Heart upon a Dunghil. *Evil Love corrupts good Manners.*

V. What is it but a kind of *Natural Love-Chain*, that ties the whole World together, and the ſeveral parts of it? The Stars of the Firmament in their Motions. The Birds of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Field. Now this ſacred Bond is only diſſolv'd by *Hatred*, which leads to *Diviſion* and *Diſſenſion*, as *Love* does to *Union*. The moſt ſubject to this Vice are the *ſlothful*, the *fearful*, and the *ſuſpicious*; for they phanſie themſelves to be threatned with Miſchief, which way ſoever they look. There are ſome People of ſo unſociable a Nature, that like Birds of ill Omen, they both *hate* and *fear* all things together.

Theſe

These men are a Burthen to themselves and to Mankind, and to be avoided by all means, but with *Pity*, not *Hatred*. And in Truth, there will be no place for *Hatred*, if we turn every thing to the best: for there is no man so ill, but he has some mixture of Good in him. There is nothing truly *detestable*, but *Sin* and *Damnation*. If we turn our *Hatred* any *other* way, the harm is to our *selves*, and not to the thing we *hate*. For if we are commanded to *love our Enemies*, we are likewise implicitely commanded not to *hate* any body. The *Wickedness* I confess (but not the *Man*) we may and ought to hate, and it is there only that we can justifie our *Hatred*. But if a *Man* we must needs hate, let us begin at Home, for there it is (even in himself) that every man may find his greatest Enemy.

CHAP.

Chap. XIV.

Of Desire and Aversion. What is to be desired, and what to be declined.

I. He that submits himself to God, that desires nothing but with Resignation, that accommodates himself to his Condition; that says, *whether I be* sick *or* well, rich *or* poor, here *or* elsewhere; *Be it, as it pleases God*, his will be done: *This* is a happy man. But when we come once to expostulate, and say, *when shall I go thither? when shall I have This or That?* We are in the ready way to be miserable. For he that covets what's out of his Reach, is condemned to a Wheel, ever pursuing what he shall never catch. *Opinions, Thoughts, Affections*, and *some Actions* too are in *our own power*; but our *Bodies, Riches, Honour, Preferments* are not so. No man will pretend to forbid or hinder the former;

mer; but the latter are liable to Impediments, and hinder the Jurisdiction of another: So that we are either not to desire them at all, or otherwise, to take them only *during Pleasure*, and as transitory Benefits which cannot long continue with us. There is nothing in this world desirable, for *the Figure of it passes away*. Nay, if we had our very *Wish*, *Death* will come, and then we must leave all behind us. But within us, is an inexhaustible Fountain of Comfort, if we will but take the pains to dress it, and keep it open.

II. It was the great Business and Wisdom of some of the Antient Philosophers, the Government of the *Passions*; and upon the Consideration of the Powers granted by God unto Man, they came to this Conclusion, that there was *nothing properly to be accompted our own, but our Thoughts and Affections*: And by frequent Meditation upon this matter, they got so absolute a Dominion

minion over the Motions of the Mind, that by virtue of that Command, they did not ſtick to pronounce themſelves (and with ſome Reaſon too) the only *Rich*, *Powerful*, and *Happy* men alive: Inſomuch, that having exempted themſelves from the Empire of Fortune, while their Bodies were even *agoniſing* in the Extremity of Torment, their bleſſed Souls were yet calmly exerciſed upon the Contemplation of Beatitude. But it was by *daily Labour* and *Practice*, that they brought themſelves to this ſtate of *Indifference*, for *external things*: And he that has gain'd this point, does no more trouble himſelf for the want of any thing which he has not, than becauſe he is not *Emperor* of *Tartary*, or has not *Wings* to *fly*. *Thoſe things that are without us, do not concern us.*

III. This may ſerve to put a *Check* to our *Appetites*; which if they be not kept within Bounds will run out into endleſs Extravagancies; and the more

more we grant them, the more they will crave. What does it ſignifie, to pour Water down the Throat of a man in a Fever? when *his Grief* is not a *Thirſt*, but a *Diſeaſe*. He that ſquares his *Deſires* to his *Reaſon*, is upon ſome *Certainty*; but when they laſh out into *Vice* and *Luxury*, there is *no End* of their Importunity. He that contents himſelf within the Limits of Nature, ſhall not need to want any thing he would have; but he that exceeds thoſe Limits, ſhall be a Beggar even in the greateſt Abundance. *A very little ſuffices Nature, but Appetite is inſatiable.*

IV. We ſhould do in our *Lives*, as we do at a *Banquet*; when any thing is *brought about*, and *preſented* us, we are *modeſtly* to take *part*; If it *paſſes by* us, to *let it go*; If it be not *yet come* to us, to *wait* with *Civility* and *Patience*, till it *does* come. The like Affection ought we to have for *Riches*, *Honours*, and other *external things*; at leaſt if we will pre-

tend to the enjoyment of such a Serenity of Mind, as no Accidents shall be able to discompose. We are arrived at a blessed state of *Tranquillity*, if we can but advance *thus far:* but if we bring our selves once to a *Neglect* and *Refusal* of whatsoever the World can pretend to offer us, our work is done, and we are effectually (even upon Earth) in Heaven already. Every mans Happiness is in his own power, if he will but keep his Desires within Compass. *He is* the *happy* man that can *have* what he *will*, and that may every man, by confining his Desires to what he can *have*.

V. There are many things we *dread* and *abominate*, as the greatest *Miseries* and *Misfortunes* that can befal us, which in the end prove the very *contrary*. They are *Troublesom*, it may be, and *go against the Hair*, but they are *instructive*. *Death*, *Banishment*, *Want*, *Disgrace*, *Labour*, *Sickness* and the like; they are neither *Evils* in *themselves*, nor in *our Power*, nor are they properly our *Concern*.

They

They are *terrible* only in *Opinion*, and not worthy of our *Averſion*. *Socrates* (aptly enough) calls them *Bug-bears*; only *Vizours* to fright Children, and the whole Buſineſs is but a *Maſquerade*. *Death it ſelf*, is it any more than a *Bug-bear*? How has it been courted (even in the moſt hideous forms) by Multitudes of the bleſſed *Saints* and *Martyrs*! Nay by *Pagans* as well as *Chriſtians*; by *Socrates* and divers others of the *Heathen Philoſophers*! There is not any thing in it ſo *formidable*, but only *Conceit* and *Opinion*. It is the *Fear* of *Death*, and not the *Death it ſelf*, that is ſo *dreadful*; and ſo it fares too in many other caſes. Let us turn all our *Fear* and all our *Hatred*, to the *Fear* and *Hatred* of *Sin*.

Chap. XV.

Of Joy and Sadneſs. How a good man ought to rejoice. He that looks before him is not caſt down. Several Antidotes againſt Sorrow.

I. JOY when it paſſes the Bounds of *Modeſty*, draws on a kind of *Diſſolution* of the *Mind*. We muſt have a Care of that, and ſo to moderate our *Cheerfulneſs*, that if need be, without any Difficulty, we may diſpoſe our ſelves from *Mirth* to *Sadneſs*. *Our Saviour* (who was the beſt Judge of things) ſays not, *Bleſſed are they that laugh*, but *they that mourn*. It were a ſtrange *Indecency* for a *Chriſtian*, that profeſſes himſelf a Follower of *Eternity*, among ſo many perils both of *Soul* and *Body*; ſo many juſt Grounds of *Sadneſs*, to ſpend his Life in *Gigling*, and making *Fools Faces*, and tranſporting

porting himſelf for *Trifles*. That *fugitive earthly Pleaſure* and the *Joys* we talk of, are very many times the near *Fore-runners* of *Sadneſs*. *There is no true Joy, but that of a good Conſcience*. He that *cheriſhes*, and takes care of the *one*, ſhall never want the *other*; for it grows in his own Breſt. All *other rejoicing* is but *Merriment* and *Frolick* without any *Subſtance* at all, and many a man *laughs* with a *heavy Heart*. *True Joy is a ſerious matter*; and there muſt be a *good Conſcience*, *honeſt Purpoſes*, and *Actions*; a *Contempt* of *Pleaſure*, and the *peaceful* Tenour of an *unſpotted Life* to maintain it. There can be no *perfect Joy* without *Juſtice*, *Courage*, and *Temperance*. This is the Method of *Virtue*, *firſt* to *mourn*, and *then* to *rejoice*.

II. *Sadneſs is a Perturbation of the Mind, by reaſon of ſome preſent Evil, either real or apprehended*: But we do oftentimes find more Trouble in the *Opinion* of things, than in the *things themſelves*. Wherefore be not

too inquisitive into the *Qualities* of things; as concerning *Servants*, (for the purpose) *Lands*, *Moneys*, *Business*; but rather take into consideration the *Opinion* and *Estimate* we have of them. It is not in a mans power, to *prevent Disgrace*, *Robbery*, *Violence:* but to make a *right Judgment* of these things, and to satisfie himself, that they are not simply *evil*, but often *profitable*; This is in his Power. He that suffers under a *present Trouble*, let him but turn his Thought to a *good Conscience*, which is a *continual Comfort*, and there's his *Cure*. Nothing can fall amiss to a *good Man*: not that he does not *feel* it, but he *masters* it; and considers all *Adversity*, only as *matter* for his *Patience* to work upon, as the *Instrument* of *Divine Grace*, and that which opens him a *way* to *eternal Glory*. *A good man may be reputed unhappy, but he can never be so.*

III. It does very much abate the *Edge* of a *Misfortune*, to *fore-see* it; and

and to ſay to our ſelves, *Whatſoever may* be, *ſhall* be; for he that is *prepar'd*, can never be *ſurpriz'd*. *Diſappointments* fall *heavy* upon People that are *agog* upon *Proſperity*. *What if a man ſhould loſe* half *his* Eſtate? *What if* All? *What if his* Houſe *ſhould* fall? *His* Corn *be all* blaſted? *His* Friends forſake *him? What if his* Credit *ſhould be* endanger'd? *His* Office *taken away? His* Gown *turn'd over his Ears?* And to all this, let us add *Sickneſs*, *Bondage*, *Ruine*, *Fire*; It comes to no more, than what every wiſe man is prepar'd for. There is no Calamity, which he has not thought upon *before-hand*, and made as eaſie to him by *long Meditation*, as others make it by *long Sufferance*. That which happens to *any* man, may be *every* mans Caſe. Where's the *Rich man* that can ſecure himſelf from *Hunger* and *Beggery*? Where's the *Great man*, that may not fall into *Diſgrace* and *Contempt*? Where's the *Kingdom* or *Nation* that may not be *overturned* and utterly *unpeopled*? *Have not we our ſelves liv'd to ſee*

the Head of a great and glorious Prince under the Hand of the common Hangman, and ſtruck off by the Command of his own Subjects? A moſt execrable Villany, and beyond all Preſident! And theſe prodigious Changes are not the work of much Time neither: There's but a *Moment* betwixt *Plenty* and *Beggery*; the *Court*, and the *Cottage*; a *Throne*, and a *Scaffold*. This is the mutable Condition of humane Affairs; what was *another* mans Lot *to day*, may be *mine to morrow*. *No man bears ill Fortune better than he that always expects it.*

IV. In *Proſperity*, *Virtue* has little or no occaſion of ſhewing herſelf; but in the time of *Adverſity*, her Power is manifeſted in our Patience. *We are become a Spectacle* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *to God, Angels, and Men.* And it is a Spectacle in which God takes delight, to ſee a *brave Man* grappling with *ill Fortune*, and leading all his Enemies *Forein* and *Domeſtick* (*Paſſions* and *Caſualties*) in *Triumph*. 'Tis nothing

thing to govern a Ship in a *ſmooth Sea* and a *gentle Gale*. He that is not try'd lives in Ignorance. *Moſt unfortunate men*, (we cry) *that ever it ſhould come to this!* But on the other ſide, *Moſt fortunate men* (ſay I) *that have had the Benefit of this Experiment!* that we have ſupported our ſelves with *Honour* and *Conſtancy*, where others perchance would have ſhrunk under the Burthen. We are not therefore to yield and render up our ſelves in Croſſes and Diſaſters; but to make good our Ground, and ſtand firm upon any Accident that can befal us: for 'tis but breaking of the *firſt Shock*, and we ſhall find the *reſt* to be only *Phanſie* and *Opinion*. The Works of *Nature* are found in us all alike; but for *Poverty*, *Diſcredit*, *Contumely*, and what elſe the Common People call *Evils*; ſome there are that bear them with *Patience*, and others without ſo much as taking the leaſt notice of them; So that it is not the force of any *Natural Impreſſion*, that we labour under, but the Influence of a *perverſe Opinion*.

nion. Why ſhould a man belie himſelf then, and call any *Calamity*, *inſupportable*, which he may make eaſie when he pleaſes, only by changing his *Opinion* of it? Every man is juſt as unhappy as he thinks himſelf, and let him complain of what he will, His *Impatience is the greater Miſchief of the two.*

V. Is there any *Sickneſs*, or any *Pain* ſo *obſtinate* and *ſtubborn*, but *Time* will either *abate* it, or *take it away*? Now the Queſtion is, whether we ſhall put an end to it *our ſelves*, or *ſtay* till it comes to an end *without* us? For *Time* will moſt certainly do that at *laſt*, which ordinary *Prudence* might better do at *preſent*. Nay, if we had never ſo great a mind to *entertain* and *cheriſh Melancholy*, it would *leave* us at length in ſpight of our Hearts. *Grief*, 'tis true, when 'tis *freſh*, may find *Tenderneſs* and *Compaſſion*; but as it grows *old*, it grows *ridiculous*, and nothing more *odious*. If a miſerable Wretch were ever the *better* for *ſobbing*

bing and *Lamenting*, he ſhould have my Conſent to ſpend day and night in Sighs and Groans, beating of his Breſt, and in all the Outrages that were ever exercis'd by a diſconſolate Creature. But if Howling and Crying be to no purpoſe, let us betake our ſelves to an invincible Reſolution, and ſtruggle with our Calamities. The Pilot deſerves to be thrown over-bord, that quits the Helm in a Storm, and ſets the Ship adrift, at the Mercy of the Billows: But he that ſtands to his Tackle, and *bears up againſt foul Weather*, (though he ſinks with the Veſſel) periſhes yet with *Honour*, and the *Comfort* of having done his *Duty*.

CHAP.

Chap. XVI.

Of Hope, and Deſpair: And how we are to moderate both.

I. *That Hope* which is not plac'd upon *Almighty God*, is *vain* and *deceitful*, and, in Effect, but a *waking Dream*. Why ſhould any man torment himſelf with the *Expectation* of things to *come*? He that *deſires* nothing, *hopes* for nothing, and he that *contemns* all earthly things, *deſires* nothing; for *no man can deſire what he deſpiſes*. Nor is it enough for any one to tell me, that the thing he *hopes* for is *eaſily compaſs'd*, or that his *Hopes* never *deceived* him, as yet; for let them be what they will, they carry great *Trouble*, *Uncertainty* and *Anxiety* along with them. A man ſhould no more hanker after, or graſp at things out of his Reach, than leave the plain Way, to wander among Thorns and Precipices; No leſs *uneaſie* is the *one* to the *Mind*, than the

the *other* is to the *Body*. He that lives in *Hope*, has not one Moment of *Quiet*, ſo long as the Will wants the thing it hopes for.

II. We ſhould never caſt an eye upon any thing, either without us, or about us, but with this Conſideration: *It is all tranſitory and frail.* How ſtrangely do we forget our ſelves! Are we not *born*, *Mortal*? And *this Day*, nay *this very Hour*, what *aſſurance* have we of it? Do we not *live* upon *Truſt*, and is not *Death* at the very *Heel* of us? It is by *Gods Power* and *Mercy* that we *live* and have a *Being*. From *him*, we have *received all*, and when he calls, to *him* it is that we are to *render all* without Repining. *He's an ungrateful Debtor, that ſpeaks ill of his Creditor.* There is not any thing *under Heaven*, that we ought to hope for: And *Heaven it ſelf* is the only *warrantable* Subject of our *Hope*.

III. *Deſpair* proceeds from a *ſluggiſh Abjection of Mind*; too great an *Apprehenſion* of *Difficulties*; a criminal *Diſtruſt*

Diſtruſt of our *ſelves*, and a *Defect* both of *Reſolution* and *Induſtry*. This weakneſs may be overcome by ſuggeſting Encouragements drawn from the Examples of thoſe that have extricated themſelves out of greater Straits. Let us begin then, and preſs forward; for God will aſſiſt our Endeavours, and all Difficulties will be made eaſie to us, ſo ſoon as we ſhall have relinquiſht the falſe Opinions that have miſled us. There is not any thing befalls us, but what was allotted us from Eternity; and it is either *tolerable* or *otherwiſe*. If it may be *borne*, we are not to *deſpair*, but to *endure* it: If *not*, it will make a quick end both of it *ſelf*, and *us* too, and we are not to *deſpair* there neither. If we *cannot* endure it, 'tis *ſhort*; if we *can*, 'tis *light*. It is in our own power, to make many things *tolerable*, by balancing them with the *Benefit* and *Convenience* that attends them. *Affliction is the Occaſion of Virtue.*

CHAP.

Chap. XVII.

Of Fear: The Vanity of it, and how to maſter it. Raſhneſs to be avoided; and ſomething more of Anger.

I. I Have known many People without any *viſible*, or ſo much as *probable Danger*, run raving up and down, as if they were *ſtark mad*, upon the *bare Apprehenſion* of ſome *Imaginary Miſchief* to befall them. The *Torment* they endure is *unſpeakable*; what betwixt the Impreſſion of a *preſent*, and the Apprehenſion of a *miſchief come*. There are *many Misfortunes* which we *create*, and have a *Being* only in the *Imagination*. There are *others* which threaten us indeed, but afar off, and they'll come ſoon enough of themſelves, without being drawn on before their time. There are ſome ſo weak, as to govern themſelves by *Dreams* and *idle Phanſies*, without any

any reasonable Ground of Conjecture at all; and to be startled at every foolish Rumor. A word mistaken is enough to break their Sleep; and the Apprehension of a Great Mans Displeasure, puts them directly out of their Wits; not so much for the Displeasure it self, as for the Consequences of it. But these are *vain Thoughts*, and the *vainer*, the more *Troublesome*. For *Truth* has its *Measure* and *Limits*, but *Imagination* is *boundless*. And the main Difference I find betwixt the *Sufferance* of a *Misfortune*, and the *Expectation* of it, is This: The *Grief* for what *hath* befall'n us, will *over*; but the *Fear* of what *may* befall us, hath *no end*.

II. He that would deliver himself from the Tyranny of *Fear*, let him take for granted, that what he fears will come to pass; and then enter into a Computation upon the whole matter. Upon this Deliberation, he will certainly find, that the things he fears are nothing so terrible in themselves, as in the false Opinion of them.

'Tis

'Tis a hard case for a man to be *Banished*, or *laid in Irons*. 'Tis a Terrible *pain* to be *burnt alive*. And yet we have many instances, not only of *Christians*, but *Infidels* also, that have *Despised* and *Triumphed* over all this; and more indeed, than this amounts too. *Stephen* suffered death with a quiet *Constancy* of mind, and *Pray'd* for his *Persecutors*. *Laurence rejoyces* upon the *Gridiron*, and *brave the Tyrant*. The Virgin *Apollonia*, leaps into the *Fire*. *Anaxarchus* is cheerful in the *Morter*, under the very stroak of the Hammers. *Socrates* takes off his *Cup of Poison* as if it had been a *Frolick*, and drinks the Health to *Critias*. What is there now so *Terrible* in the *Faggot*, or the *Gibbet*, or in the train of *Executioners*, and *Officers of Justice* that attend it? under this *Pomp* and *Formality*, which serves only to *fright Fools*, there lyes *Death*: that, which, so many Thousands of *Men*, *Women*, and *Children*, have not only *welcom'd*, but *Courted*. Set aside the *noyse* the *Hurry*, and the *disguise* in these Cases, and let every thing appear in its own

ſhape, we ſhall find there is *nothing Terrible* in the matter, but the meer *apprehenſion* of it: and that it fares with *us great Boyes*, as it does with *little Ones*; our very *Nurſes*, and our *Play-fellows*, if they be but dreſt up with a *White-ſheet*, or a *Vizard*, are enough to put us out of our ſenſes. Nay, and we are the ſillyer Children of the two, for we are ſtruck with a *Panique Terrour*, not only at the *Counterfeit* of a *Reality*; but the very *Counterfeit* of a *Counterfeit* torments us.

III. Bring it now from a *Particular*, to a *common Cauſe*; and let every Man ſay to himſelf, I have a *fraile*, and *mortal Body*: lyable to *diſtempers*, *ſickneſs*, and, in the Concluſion, to *Death it ſelf*. All this I have known, from a Child, and the many ill Accidents that threaten me. What have I now to fear? *Bodily ſickneſs*? My *Soul* will be the better for't. *Poverty*? my *Life* will be the *ſafer*, and the *ſweeter* for't. *Loſs of Fortune*? why then fare-well all the *Cares* and *Dangers*

gers that *accompany* it. *Loss of Credit?* If I suffer *deservedly*, I shall *detest* the *Cause*, but *approve* the *Justice*: If *wrongfully*, my *Conscience* will be my *Comforter*. Shall I fear a *Repulse?* or a *Disappointment?* there never was any Man, but wanted something or other that he desired. *Banishment?* I'le *Travail*, and *Banish my self*. *Loss of my Eyes?* It will deliver me from many *Temptations*. *What if men speak ill of me?* It is but what they are *us'd* to do, and what I *deserve*. Shall I fear *Death?* It is the very condition I came into the World upon. Well! *But to dye in a strange Country! All Countryes* are *alike*; to him that has no *Abiding-place here*. *But for a Man to dye before his time!* As if a Man should complain of having his *Shackles* knock't off, and being *discharged* of a *Prison before his time*. We are not to look upon *Death*, *Banishment*, as causes of *Mourning*, as *Punishments*, but only as *Tributes* of our *Mortality*. *It is a senseless thing to fear, what we cannot shun.*

IV. Let us take heed of being over-

confident; and venturing at things beyond our ſtrength: for, no man is more lyable to miſcarriages, than he that preſumes too much upon himſelf. All our *ſufficiency* and *ſtrength* comes from *Above*, and we can do nothing of our *ſelves*, without *Gods Aſſiſtance*, our *Preſumption* ariſes from too *high* a conceit of our *Selves*, too *mean* a one of our *Adverſaries*; together with a raſh Headineſs of Nature, that underſtands neither *Reaſon*, nor *Buſineſs*. The *wiſe* Man is *cautious*, and adventures upon nothing, without firſt takeing the meaſure of his *own Abilities*: whereas he that is *over-haſty*, and *preſumptuous*, falls on without any conſideration; and, after the *firſt effort*, when he finds the *difficulty* greater than he *imagined* it, his *Courage falls* and *faints*: and he comes at laſt, to an acknowledgment of the *vanity* and *unadviſedneſs* of his miſtake. *Security is the forerunner of Calamity.*

V. He that would *govern* his *Anger*, muſt begin with a *contempt* of the pretended *Cauſes* of it: for it is not the ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed *Injury*, but the falſe *Opinion* of it, that does us the *miſchief:* we *provoke*, *Teize*, and enflame our ſelves, and then caſt the blame upon others. *No Man is injur'd, but by himſelf.* We ſhould do well to *Cokes* and flatter our *Minds*, as *Nurſes* do their *Children*, *Be quiet and thou ſhalt have it*; be not *Angry*; do not *Struggle*, and make a *Noiſe*, and thou ſhalt ſee, *things will be well enough yet.* I would have a Man ſet a part ſome certain daies, and ſay to himſelf, *I am reſolved, that nothing ſhall make me angry this day, what ever it be.* Let him but proceed then, from a *Day*, to a *Week*; from a *Week*, to a *Moneth*, and ſo on; he ſhall ſoon grow ſo much the Maſter of himſelf, as to make *that* his *Diverſion*, which formerly was his *Torment.* A *Gentle* and *Peaceable Humour* is a very agreeable Comfort in *Society*; but to *him* that is *endued* with it, incomparably a *greater* Bleſſing: for in all *difficulties*, it is ſtill *cheerful*, and in all *Conflicts*, *Victorious*,

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the Faculties of the reasonable Soul. The understanding is not to be employ'd upon Curiosities. What study is best. The evil of medling with other Peoples manners. Not to concern our selves for other Mens Opinions. Of Self-denyal.

1. OUr *Understanding*, was given us by *Almighty God*, to the end that we might *know* him, and *love* him: but *Sin* has given it *two wounds*; *Ignorance*, and *Blindness*; for we are at a loss, first in the *Knowledg of Truth*; and then, in the *Knowledg of good and evil*. We are therefore (in this state of danger) to take at least as much care, what we admit into the *Understanding*, upon the *Recommendation* of the *Senses*, as whom we receive into a Town, in time of a *close Siege*, or a

rage-

raging Peſtilence. The *Senſes* make the *Tender*, and the *Underſtanding takes*, and whatſoever the *Judgement allowes*, is *propounded* to the *Will.* But the *Senſe* preſents both *good* and *evil*: and it belongs to the *Mind*, either to *entertain*, or *refuſe.*

II. We are in the firſt place, to keep the *Underſtanding* from amuſing it ſelf upon *vain Subtilties*, and *Curioſities*: It was given us for *Divinity*, and *ſubſtantial Wiſdome*; and it is our part to *Husband* it, and not *ſquander* away ſo excellent a gift upon *Trifles.* He that ventures upon an unknown Herb, to learn the *Temper* and *Qualities* of it, if it prove a ſtrong *Poyſon*, his Life is hazarded in the very *ſcrutiny*, without attaining his end: ſuch is the caſe of thoſe that will be prying into *Impertinent* and *abſtruſe Curioſities*; they are loſt beyond recovery, even before they ſo much as know what they would be at. *To know that which a man is never the better for, is next door to down right Ignorance.* He that would be *truly wiſe*, does not ſtudy to

get a *Name*, but to order his *Life*; and how to *relieve* his mind, rather then how to *delight* it. What is any man the better for knowing the *Influences* of the *Stars*, if he be ſtill a ſtranger to to his own *Infirmities*? for all the *Flowers* and *Excellencies* of *Elocution*; if he has not yet learned to *hold his Tongue*? Let him that delights in *Noveltie*, *renew himſelf*: that takes upon him to refute *other mens Errors*, begin with *his own*. Let him that delights in *Hiſtory*, to ſee what *other* People have done, conſider in the firſt place, what *He* is to *do himſelf*. Let him that makes it his buſineſs to compound *differences* among his *Neighbors*, not forget to *pacify* his *own Tumultuary Paſſions*. We ſpend ſo much time upon *ſuperfluities*, that we have none left for *things neceſſary*. *That's the neceſſary knowledge, that makes us rather Good, than Learned.*

III. To what end is it, that we puzzle; and perplex our ſelves about *Controverſies*, which, for the moſt part, would be more for our Credit, to *Con-*

temn

temn, than to *Resolve*. It is the better half of our study, to learn those things, which we are, in honour, to forget, as soon as we have them. But there is an *Intemperance* of *Knowledg*, as well as of *other things*. There is no end of Books: Our *Libraries* are furnish'd for *Sight* and *Ostentation*, rather than for *Use*. The very *Indexes* are not to be read over in an Age. And in this multitude, how great a part of them are either *dangerous*, or not *worth* the *Reading*? It may be well enough, to take a *taste* of *many*; but when that's done, we are to set up our rest upon a few. It is not so much from *Books*, as from *Practice*, and *Examples* that we are to expect the improvement of the *Mind*.

IV. *Oh the vanity of Mortals*! to spend our *Lives*, and our *Spirits*, upon *Human Arts* and *Sciences*, (as if we were never to dye) without any regard at all to the thought of a *Life everlasting*, which is not to be acquired by *profound learning*, but by *Probity of Manners*, and *Simplicity of Vertue*.

What

What are we the better for the *Voluminous Hiſtory* of the *World*, even if we had it all *without Book*? for the *Records* of all the *Tyrannies*, and *Rebellions* that ever paſt from the Creation of the Univerſe, to this Inſtant? How much better were it to check the growth of *our* own *Iniquities*, than to tranſmit the ſtory of other *Peoples*. *Geometry* teaches us to meaſure-out *Lands*, but why do we not firſt learn to meaſure our *Neceſſities*. *Arithmetick* teaches us to *Count* what we have got, but why do we not rather learn to *contemn* it? and cheerfully to part with that, which with ſo much carking and caring we have ſcrap'd together. *Muſick* ſhews us how to make up a *Harmony* of ſeveral Voices; but it were much more for our benefit to learn the Art of *Reconciling* our *Senſe* and *Reaſon*: Nor is the Skill of *Flatts* and *Sharps* near ſo much to our purpoſe, as the Science of moderating the *Affections*: ſo as neither to be *puft up* with *Proſperity*, nor *dejected* in *Adverſity*. Not that I diſlike the knowledg of theſe things, for I eſteem them to be very Laudable accom-

accompliſhments: but in the *ſecond place*; and after we have ſtudyed our ſelves, and what more concerns us. *He that knows every thing but himſelf, knows in effect as much as comes to nothing.*

V. It is a ſordid and *Infamous humour*, to be *prying into*, and *medling* with *other Peoples matters*; to be *obſerving* and *deſcanting*, upon *Lives* and *Manners*; and to make the *worſt* of every thing. What have I to do with the ſervant of another, who is to *ſtand and fall to his own Maſter? The great Judg of the World, has reſerv'd Judgment to himſelf; and he that preſumes to Judge his Neighbor, invades the Throne of the Almighty:* Let every Man enter into the Privacies of his own Conſcience, and ſee what *Good* is *wanting* in him, what *Ill abounds*; and he'l find work enough at *home*, to imploy his Pragmatical Spleen upon, without hunting after the faults of *Others*. And there's no Protection neither, againſt the Sting of a *Malevolent Witt*, and a *Licentious Tougue*. Was not our *Saviour*

viour himself, taunted and *traduced* by the *Jewes?* and is not the *Holy Gospel* dayly perverted by *Hereticks?* It is with distemper'd minds, as with Melancholique Bodies; whatsoever they take, turns to corruption. The *Action* is most commonly qualified by the *Intention*; and *Good* or *Bad*, accordingly: but *this is only known to Him that searcheth the Heart, and the Reynes.* But let the *Action* we Censure be never so *Foul*, and the *Person* never so *Guilty*: what is it yet to us? how Un-Christian an Indecency is it, to expose the Nakedness of our Brother, for a publick Spectacle? why do we not rather *observe our selves? Judge and Condemn our selves?* and turn the point of our *Malice*, upon our own *Hearts? He that's a severe Judg to himself, shall escape the Judgment of the most High God.*

VI. They that are so *quick-sighted*, to discover other Peoples failings (out of a desire to be thought *shrewd men*) are commonly as *jelous of* being *payed in their own Coyn*; and of being *Hated*, *Con-*

Contemned, *ill thought off*, and *ill ſpoken* of by *Others*. Toward the ſubduing of this Vice, we are *Firſt* to Moderate the pleaſure we take in the *Acclamations*, and *Applauſes* of the *Multitude*; and *then* utterly to caſt away all curioſity of knowing what the World thinks, or ſays of us, for we are many times poſſeſt with a ſuſpition, that ſuch or ſuch a man talkes ſlightly, and has a mean opinion of us, who is ſo far from ſpeaking amiſs, that he ſayes nothing at all of us, nor ha's us ſo much as in his thought. Let a man ſay with the Apoſtle, *If I pleaſed men*, *I were not the ſervant of Chriſt*, *'Tis little to me that I am judged by you* &c. Such as we are with *God*, ſuch we *truly are*: and neither the *better*, nor the *worſe* for the *Opinion*, or *diſcourſe* of *Men*. *'Tis much better to* be *good*, *than to be ſo* eſteemed.

VII. If we would have nothing fall out contrary to our *Will*, we muſt abſolutely lay it down, and *Will* nothing at all but in ſubmiſſion to *the will of God*. This is the way that leads to a

true

true *Tranquillity of mind*, and to a *laſting Peace*. He that wiſhes for nothing but what he ſhould, may live as he would. It is the only Felicity of this Life, to ſquare our Wills to the Will of God. He, who from all Eternity has appointed the *End*, has likewiſe appointed the *means*: and whether the way be *ſmooth* or *craggy*, through *Proſperity*, or *Adverſity*: it is ſtill what God has allotted us, in order to our Eternal bliſs. He that obeyes Divine Providence, and follows it cheerfully, does well and wiſely: for let him lagg and hang off never ſo much, he'l be forced to follow in ſpight of his Teeth. (Beſide the *Impiety* of his *Diſobedience*). *God Almighty leads the willing, and draws the unwilling.*

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the State of Proficients. *Divers Helps to Improvement. The Value and the uſe of time. God is alwayes preſent.*

1. IT is a good ſtep toward *Virtue*, for a man to be *Conſcious* of his own *Iniquities*, and to *deſire* to *mend:* without which, we go back-ward every day. from *Bad* to *Worſe*. When we are once in the way, we muſt go on as we began; and the more haſte we make, the ſooner ſhall we enjoy that ſerenity of mind which we aim at. *It is a good ſign, when a man comes to ſee his failings, better than he did:* as it is in a *Patient*, when he comes to be *Senſible* that he is *Sick*. Every man is apt to flatter himſelf, and therefore let us have a care of being *over-credulous*. If, upon the *ſifting* and *examining* of our *Hearts* and

Thoughts

Thoughts, we find an *Abatement* of our *Lusts*; a greater *firmness of mind*, than *Ordinary*, and a more absolute *command* of our *Selves*, we are in a fair way of *Proficiency* and *Emprovement*. It is an inestimable Blessing, for a man to be Master of himself, and to be at Unity with himself. *A good man is unchangeably the same: A wicked man is perpetually at variance with himself.*

II. It is but one-daies work to arrive at the highest pitch of Holiness, if we would but turn with our *whole hearts*, from the *Creature*, to the *Creator*. Now whether our *Conversion* be *sincere*, *or no*, we shall know by these *marks*. If we be out of love with *Vanities*, and *transitory things*: If we delight in *Solitude*, and *Contemplation*: if that pleases us *best*, that is *perfectest*: If we preferre a *good* Conscience to *Godward*, before an *empty Reputation* among *men*. If we do all this, it goes well with us: But *the most powerfull inducement to virtue, of all the rest, is the daily Meditation of the Life and Passion of Christ*. That story is the

Book

Book of life; and ſufficient to bring us to Heaven, if all the *Libraries* in the World, *Authors* and all, were utterly deſtroyed. But it is not yet enough, barely to *know* Chriſt and *meditate* of him, unleſs we likewiſe *Imitate* him, and lead our lives in a *Conformity* to his *word*, and *example*. The way to rectify that which is *Crooked*, is to bring it to the *Rule*.

III. It was well ſaid of ſome-body, that *good order* is as neceſſary to the *mind*, for the gaining of *virtue*, as it is to the *Body* for the recovery of *Health*; for there are a thouſand things in the way elſe, to *divert* and *retard* us. As, the *Inordinate love*, either of our *ſelves*, or of *any thing elſe*: *Impatience* in *Loſſes*: The over-much *indulging of our ſelves*, in our *Appetites*, and *Pleaſures*; whether in *meat and drink*, *Converſation* or the *like*: the plunging of our ſelves over head and ears, in the affairs of *this world*, and being too much wedded to *our own Opinions*: rejecting the *motions* and *inſpirations* of the *good ſpirit* within us. Theſe obſtacles muſt be

removed, and we are to encounter them, with Reſolution, and Vigour we are to proceed with *Readineſs*, *Alacrity*, and a *good Intention*, and with an induſtry anſwerable to the excellency of the work in hand. It is not the number of our exerciſes, but the thorough doing of them; not ſo much the thing it ſelf, as the manner of doing it, that avayles us.

IV. Our daies are upon the wing; Time flies away, and there is no recalling of what's paſt; Our life *depends* upon the *Future*, and is ſtill looking *forward*: and we conſume it, in meer preparation, till *Old Age*, and *Death* it ſelf over-take us, *unprovided for it*. It is in our *Lives*, as upon the *way*, in *good Company*. The time paſſes away in *Chat*, and *Diſcourſe*, and we are at the end of our Journy before we are aware. For, *ſleeping* or *wakeing*, we ſtill keep on our pace, and paſs inſenſibly to our laſt end, even before we think on't; what is it then that we *Trifle* for, why do we *linger* and *dally*? *Time* muſt be lay'd hold on *immediately*,

ly, or it is gone for ever. The value of a *day*, nay, of an *hour*, is *ineſtimable*, and the *loſs* of it, *irreparable*. If a man comes to enter upon our *Eſtates*, or there falls out any diſpute about a *Land-mark*, we muſt preſently to *Law*, and *Arms*. But our *Time* and our *Life*, is open for any man to take, that pleaſes; ſo Prodigal are we in the only caſe where we may be honeſtly covetous. We are not to compute Life by the *Number* of *Years*, but by the well imploying of them; and let the oldeſt man alive diſcount for the time he has ſpent in *Sleep*, *Luxury*, *Quarrels*, *Viſits*, *Lazy ſauntrings up and down*: In doing juſt *nothing at all*, or, at beſt, *nothing to the purpoſe*, without ſo much as minding what he did, and he ſhall find, that at the end of a hundred years, he dyes a *Child*. We are apt enough to lament the loſs of our *Time-paſt*, and yet we loſe *more ſtill*, in the *Lamentation*: why do wee not rather improve the preſent, while we have it, to prevent a late Repentance? why do we loſe this *inſtant*, which is our own, and pretend to diſpoſe of the *Future*,

which is out of our Power? In effect; *Life* is but *a Moment*, and *delay* is *abſolute loſs*. *He that puts off to day, comes too late to morrow.*

V. It is to Almighty God, that we are to direct all our *Thoughts*, *Words*, and *Deeds*; to the excluſion of any other Object, applying our ſelves wholly to his bleſſed will. *He that takes God for his guide, ſhall be ſure never to miſs his way*: Nor ſhall he miſcarry in any of his affairs, who directs all to Gods glory; and lives, as in his holy preſence: neither is it poſſible for any man to *avoid* his *All-ſeeing eye*, which reaches not only to our *Words*, and *Actions*, but pries into the *Thoughts* of our *Hearts*. And He's in a great miſtake, that when the door is bolted, and the Curtains drawn, reckon's himſelf to be *alone*; for there is no place ſo dark, or ſo retired, as to exclude the Omni-preſence of God, *in whom we Live, Move, and have our Beeing*: whether we *Eat, or Drink, Walk, Diſcourſe*, our thoughts are to be alwaies upon him; we are to do our utmoſt, to render our ſelves worthy

worthy of the Favour of his Countenance, and not to do those things in the ſight of an All-ſeeing God, which even before a Temporal Judge, we would be aſhamed of. Every man ſhould live as if there were only God and himſelf in the World; and cheerfully imbrace the lott, which *Providence* hath ſet out for him, whether *Proſperity*, or *Adverſity*. We are to ſeek God; and whether we find him by, *This*, or *That* way, it matters not, provided that we find him at laſt.

CHAP. XX.

Of the good of Solitude. Ill Company to be avoided. The Vices of the World, and what they are. Virtue, the ſtudy of a Proficient. How to know when we have attained it.

1. IT is a great Argument, of a clear and well compoſed Mind, when a man is at Unity with himſelf; for he approaches in ſome degree, to the Felicity of God himſelf, who, *in* himſelf is bleſſed for evermore. Neither can he be ſaid properly ever to be alone that is never ſeparated from Chriſt. If ſo it be, that we cannot hold our *Tongues*, we may talk to *our ſelves*, but let us be ſure then that we talk to honeſt men. If you would know now, what a man ſhould *ſay* to *himſelf*; why truly, the ſame things that he is uſed to

ſay

ſay to *others*, of his *Neighbours*. Let him ſpeak *Ill* of himſelf, *to* himſelf; let him call himſelf to an account for all his *Sins*, and puniſh himſelf for whatſoever he finds amiſs, and he'l never want matter to work upon. Let him retire and give himſelf Leiſure for contemplation; but let him then conceal his very Retirement. He that makes *Proclamation* of his *Solitude*, *retires* only to be more *Publick*, which is a kind of ſloathful Ambition. Now there muſt be a *Retirement* of the *Mind* too, as well as of the *Body*, to make it *Beneficial* and *Comfortable*. We muſt with-draw our ſelves from all vain imployments, and not only from Company, but from all things too which do not concern us; we muſt not admit ſo much as any Creature, no nor the very *Image*, or *Idea*, of any Creature, into our Thoughts; we muſt blot out of our minds, all the toyes and fooleries of this World, and in the moſt ſecret receſs of our Souls, addreſs our ſelves to God alone. In this Privacy of mind; in this Oblivion of all *Idle*, and *Impertinent things*, we ſhall gain *Peace of*

Heart, *True Tranquillity*, and *Repoſe*. Let this be our retreat then and this our buſineſs: for we ſhall certainly find God there, where the Creature is abandon'd.

II. It is rarely ſeen, that any man is good, *himſelf*, who keeps *Ill company*: for there is nothing ſo deſtructive of good Manners, as to Heard with the Multitude, who do commonly leave a man worſe than they found him. It is not for a *Tender*, and *unſetled mind*, to reſiſt the force of *ill examples*, that break in upon a man, with a kind of *Authority*, and *Credit*; for men are apt to run over to the ſtronger ſide. The man of the *Guſto*, gains upon us by degrees, and takes us by the *Pallate*. A *rich* Neighbour ſtrikes us with *Envy*, or *Avarice*, and many a man has been undone by an ill example. Our very *Parents*, our *Companions*, our *Servants*, draw us ſome way or other into *miſchiefs*. The whole World is full of ſnares and hazzards, and we are no ſooner out of our Mothers belly, but we are encompaſt with dangers, as if

we

we were dropt into the Quarters of an Enemy. There is not any man liveing hardly, that does not either *recommend* ſome Wickedneſs to us, or *imprint* it upon us, or at leaſt *infect* us with ſome *evil diſpoſition*, before we are aware. O the delicious ſweetneſs of thoſe bleſſed hours, that a man ſpends in his Private Family or ſtudy; apart, from the noiſe, and buſineſs of the People! How Calm! How Gentle! not ſo much as a Cloud, or a Breath of Wind, to diſturb the Serenity of his mind. But, by and by, ſome body calls him out; away he goes, gets more Company, makes up a *Clubb*, and never fails of falling into ſome exceſs or other, and returning worſe than he went out. This is the Fruit of *Publick Converſation*; but we are not ſenſible of the damage we receive in *Company*, till we come afterward to reflect upon it in *Solitude*. Let us make what haſte we can then into our ſelves, before we are overcome with the Contagion of the Vitious Multitude. *The mind that is moſt* contracted, *is moſt* chearful.

III.

III. Let a man but imagine himself upon the top of an high Mountain, and there taking a prospect of the miserable World, he shall quickly see enough, to put him out of love with it, and all that's in it. Nothing but *Robberies* at *Land*, *Pyracies* at *Sea*, the *Tumults* and *Horrors* of *Warr*, *Human blood* spilt like *Water*; *Sin* and *Iniquity broken loose*, and beating down all before it: look into the Cabinets of great men, and you shall there see such spectacles of *Brutal Lust*, as cannot but *disgust*, and *nauseate* the very Actors themselves; and every were else, so boundless a *Licence*, and *Disorder*, that we would almost swear the whole World were a *Bedlam*. (But the *Mad-men* are too *many* for the *Sober*, and their *Number* is their *Justification*.) The *Laws themselves* are turn'd into *snares*, and *Innocency* is there *Invaded*, where it ought to be *protected*. The *not-guilty* is in more danger, than the *guilty*; and the Judg more *criminal*, than the *Prisoner*: for *where there is Money, there can be no transgression*. A pack of *Ca-*

lumniating

lumniating Knaves in one place; a Troop of *Fawning Paraſites*, in another: here, *Feuds*, there *Flatteries*, one Man wallowing in his *Wine*, another ſtretching himſelf upon his *Bed*. *Inſatiable Avarice* on the one ſide; *Slaviſh ambition* on the other. In all *Publick Aſſemblies*, more *Vices*, then *Men*: Sins of *irreverence* toward *God*; *Injuſtice* toward our *Neighbour*, and *Abuſe* of the *Creature*: ſo that being guilty of all ſins, they are to expect that all ſins will riſe in judgement againſt them. One would think, that this View of the World, might be ſufficient of it ſelf, to take off any mans heart from the Love of it: but when a man conſiders the difficulty of maſtering ſo many *Temptations*, and bearing up againſt ſo many *Ill*, and *powerful examples*, certainly he cannot chuſe but bethink himſelf of a *Retreat*. It is a hard matter, for a man to love *Innocence*, where *Wickedneſs is* in *Authority*, and *Credit*: If it does not abſolutely *Corrupt* us, It will yet *puzzle*, and *hinder* us. The only way to be *ſafe* and *quiet*, is to *retire* into our *ſelves*, where

where we may look upon the World, without being endanger'd by it. He that has renounced *external things*, and *withdrawn* into *himself*, is *Invincible*; the *World* is to *him*, as a *Prison*; and *Solitude*, a *Paradise*.

IV. But we are never the better for quitting the *World*, if we do not vigorously apply our selves to the *Study* and *Practice* of *Virtue*; without which we can have no *Comfort*, no *Repose*; and having *That*, we can want *Nothing*. There are three things that seem to have a fair *Analogy*, one with the other, *In* all things, and *above* all things, is *God himself*: among *Sensibles*, is *Light*, and among the perfections of the *mind*, is *Virtue*. *God*, is the light, and *Virtue* of all things; *Light* is the *Virtue* of the *World*, and the *Image* of *God*: *Virtue* is the *Light* of the *Mind*, by which we are *called*, and *become* the *children* of God. Without a *pure mind*, there is no attaining of this *Perfection*; for *Virtue* is the *Perfection* of a man, that repaires all our failings, and fills us with *delight*; she raises up our fleshly Nature

ture, in things ſpiritual. She is the *Rule* of *Life*, A *light* to the *Blind*: She beats down *Sin*, and brings us to *Eternal Life*. In the ſtudy of *Virtue*, we are to learn what it is, (in the firſt place) both in *General* and in *Particular*: *for no man ſeeks he knows not what.* We are then to keep our ſelves in the continual *Practice* of it; Like *Souldiers* that will be ſtill *exerciſing*, and *skirmiſhing*, even in time of *Peace*, and without an *Enemy*: very well underſtanding, that theſe *encounters*, though but *repreſented*, and in *jeſt*, keep them in *breath*, and *readineſs* for *Aſſaults* in *Earneſt*. Let a man ſuppoſe himſelf under all the *Oppreſſion*, and *Indignity*, imaginable; *ſtript to his ſhirt*, *and thrown upon a Dung-hill*, and let him then make tryal of his *Patience* as if this were his very caſe *indeed.* He that *exerciſes* himſelf, *before* the Battel, will be more *Reſolute*, *in it*: *He that has often loſt Blood*, *goes cheerfully to the Combat.*

V. The *Habits* of *Virtues*, are the work of *Time*: and we ſhall know when

when we are poſſeſt of any of them, by theſe Tokens. We have made a good Progreſs toward any *Virtue*; when we have *extinguiſh't*, or at leaſt in a large Meaſure, *ſuppreſt* the *contrary Vice*: when we have brought all our Paſſions, to a *ſubmiſſion*, and *obedience* unto *Reaſon*: when the practice of Virtue, is become not only *Eaſie*, but *Delightful* to us, when in contempt of *Temporizers*, we ſtand up with a generous Freedome, in the vindication of Virtue, againſt all oppoſers: when we come once Naturally to abominate thoſe things, which formerly we doted upon, with a depraved Inclination: when the Love of Virtue is grown ſo Habitual to us, that we allow our ſelves in nothing that is Ill; no, not ſo much as in a Dream: when we come to *imitate* what we *approve* in others, and to *Abſtain* from what we *Reprehend*: when nothing that is *amiſs*, ſeems *little* to us, but worthy of our greateſt *Care*, and *Diligence*, to *Avoid*; when we can ſee our *Equals preferred*, without *Envy*: when we have the honeſty to confeſs our faults, and

ſubmit

ſubmit them to correction, and reproof: when we can content our ſelves in the Teſtimony of a *good Conſcience*, without making publication of our *good Works*. (Which in the very doing, are their own reward,) when the whole buſineſs of our life is Virtue, which is allwayes in Act, and never Tir'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Of Theological Virtues. Faith is to be manifested in our works. In God alone we are to put our Trust. Motives to the Love of God. The Love of our Neighbours shews it self in good Offices. An exhortation to Charity.

1. FAith is the *Basis of all other Virtues, and the foundation of Christian Life; without which, no man can please God.* This is the wisdome that has subdued the World, to which, we are firmly to *adhear*, without any *unnecessary Curiosity*, or *disquisition.* But we are to *do*, as well as *believe*; for *Faith*, without *works, is dead.* Now while we are *Christians*, in *Professions* and *Discourse*, let us have a care, not to be *Infidels* in our *Lives* and *Manners.* If we *believe* the *Gospel*; why do

do we not *obey* it? If we do *believe* an *Eternity*, why do we preferre a *momentany Life*, and *Pleasure* before it? what are we the better for *Believing* that which is *True*, and *Good*, if in our *Actions*, we be *False* and *Wicked*? A *good Faith*, and an *ill Life*, will hardly ſtand together: for he that *believes aright*, will *practiſe* what he *Believes*.

II. Since moſt certain it is, that all things are ordered and governed by an *Over-ruling Providence*, inſomuch, that not a Bird of the Air, nor the Leaf of a Tree, falls to the ground without it; This methinks ſhould give us *Courage* and *Confidence*, in all *extremities*; and a full aſſurance, that our Heavenly Father will never fail us in a time of need. Let us therefore caſt our ſelves wholly upon the Mercy, and good-pleaſure, of Almighty God; and not depend upon the help and counſels of Man, which are deceitful, and uncertain. What if matters go *Croſs*, and beſide our *expectation*, ſo as to unſettle the whole courſe of our Thoughts and Affairs? what if we

ſhould be viſited with *Sickneſs*, threatned with *falſe Accuſations*; perhaps worſe Accidents? Our truſt is in God, our dependence upon him: and who knows but the Divine Wiſdome has made choice of theſe afflictions, as the means to bring us to Eternal Glory? The afflictions of this Life, are as nothing to him, that has his Heart fixed upon the bleſſings of a better: whatſoever a man hopes for, he may *Compaſs*, and reckon himſelf as *poſſeſt* of what he *believes*.

III. *Charity* is the Miſtreſs of all Virtues, and is directed either to *God*, or to our *Neighbour*. To *God* in the *firſt* place; whom we are to *love* with all our *Heart*, with all our *Soul*, and with all our *Strength*; (meerly for himſelf, and for his infinite Goodneſs) above all things that are amiable: for, it is to his *Grace* and *Mercy*, that we are indebted, for our *Beeing*, *Life*, *Motion*, *Senſe* and *Underſtanding*. *He* it is, that hath delivered us from the bondage of *Satan*, dignified our Souls with infinite Privileges; and prepa-

red

red eternal life for us, of his own free Goodneſs, without any antecedent Merit. The *Heaven*, the *Earth*, the *Air*, the *Water*, and the whole Univerſe, call to us aloud, to love, and ſerve that God, who has made all theſe things for our ſervice. If the good of the *Soul*, be the thing we look for, what need we go further than to *God himſelf*? who is the *only*, and the *ſovereign good*; *Great* and *deſirable* beyond imagination. It is only by *Love*, (though in a vaſt diſproportion) that we can acquit our ſelves to the Almighty, in *kind*. *Love*, is *Active*, not *Idle*: It does not ſeek its own: It ſurmounts all difficulties, and, *He that loves truly*, may dye, *but cannot* be overcome.

IV. *Nature has implanted in all reaſonable Creatures, a love of Society*, which ought to work more really in *Chriſtians*, who are called to the *ſame Faith* and *Glory*, and are members of the *ſame Body*. No man can love *God*, that does not love his *Neighbour*. Now this Love to our *Neighbour*, is exer-

ciſed, in conferring of *Benefits*, doing all ſorts of *good Offices*, and going before others in *Humility*, and *Kindneſs*. The grace and value of a *Bounty*, lyes much in the *Cheerful* and the *ſpeedy applying* of it: for there muſt be no ſtop but in the *modeſty* of the *Receiver*; there needs no more to the relief of a neceſſitous Perſon than that we know his wants: for, it breaks the heart of a Generous man, to be put to *Begg* it; and the Favour is ten times as great, when it prevents the *asking* of it. It is rather a *purchaſe* than a *gift*, when a man receives a *Benefit* upon a *Requeſt*. He that gives a *Prayer*, or a Bluſh, for a *good-turn*, payes *dear* for't. In caſes, where we could not *fore-ſee*, or *prevent*, a ſuit, wee are however to ſhew that we *would* have done it, if we *could*; by our *manner* of *granting* it: which ought to be *ſpeedy* and *cheerful*. There muſt be *good words*, as well as *good deeds*: It muſt be done *frankly*, and without either *Vanity* or *Reproach*. It is a great kindneſs to put a Petitioner quickly out of his pain, by *ſtopping his mouth*, and *doing* his buſineſs, ſo ſoon as ever we

we *know* it. And then, *we are not to blow a Trumpet, when we give an Alms.* The thing will ſpeak it ſelf; and *he that ſees in ſecret, will reward us openly.*

V. Among the Acts of *Chriſtian Charity*, there is not any thing more acceptable to God, nor any more effectual proof of our Faith, than that *compaſſion* to the *Poor*, which we exerciſe in giving of *Alms.* Let us therefore have a care of deſpiſing the *Poor*: who, though *neceſſitous themſelves*, have it yet in their power to make *us rich.* It is a kind of redeeming our Selves with our Money; and turning an inſtrument of *Avarice*, into an occaſion of *Mercy*: Shall we give more for a place in a *Play-houſe*, than for a place in *Paradiſe*? We pay *Duties*, and *Taxes*, to *Temporal Princes*, let there be never ſo great a *Dearth*: and can we not afford, out of our *Abundance*, a morſel of *Bread*, to the *King of Heaven*, in his *poor members*? He that is *cloſe-handed* to the *Needy* in his *Diſtreſs*, is guilty of his Brother's *Blood.* He that does not *feed*

him, *Murders* him. Our thoughts are so much taken up with providing for our *Heirs*, that we never so much as think what shall become of our *Selves*: but we had better abate a little of *their Patrimony*, than to hazzard the main of *our own salvation*. But let us come to a Reckoning, and see what are our possessions in *this World*? what do we pretend to in the *Next*? In *Death* we have nothing left us, but what we have sent to Heaven before hand, by the hands of the *Needy*. *Men of little Faith*! There's our Treasure. A Thief may pick a Lock, and break open our Coffers here below; but Heaven is impregnable.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Prudence. The Neceſſity, and the Difficulty of it. The duty of a wiſe man.

I. AS a *Workman* is nothing without his *Line* and *Level*; ſo, neither are *We*, without *Prudence*. It is the eye of the Soul, the art of life; the guide of all our Actions, and the Rule of other Virtues: there is no living comfortably without it; But exceedingly *difficult* it is, and *obſcure*. It is *difficult*: *Firſt*, in regard of the *comprehenſion* of it: for, it takes cogniſance of the whole *Univerſe*, in it *ſelf*, and in every *part* of it. *Secondly*; In reſpect of the *Uncertainty of Humane Affairs*; which, by reaſon of infinite Variations and Accidents, and their dependencies upon divers circumſtances, are hardly reducible to a Rule: nay, there are many times ſuch contrarieties, and diſagreements, as are almoſt im-

poſſible to be reconciled. The *obſcurity*, lyes in *this*, that we ſee only the *Appearances* of things, when the *Springs* and *Cauſes* that move them, are in the *Dark*: we *ſee* only the *top* of the building, but the *foundation* is out of *ſight*: beſide, that the *good* or *bad* event of things, is concealed in the Unſearchable decree of the Almighty; ſo that there are very few men wiſe enough, to make the beſt of their buſineſs.

II. *Wiſdom*, is the Product of *Experience* and *Memory*. The one teaches us what is beſt to be done, and the other minds us, when we are to do it. He that commits himſelf to *general experiences*, and does not venture out of his *depth*, is *ſafe*. To do wiſely, a man ſhould firſt take a meaſure of *himſelf*, and *next*, of the *matter* he takes in hand; for fear of over-valuing his own ſtrength. One man is undone by preſuming too much upon his *Eloquence*. Another, runs himſelf out of his *Fortune*, for want of proportioning his *expence* to his *Eſtate*! A third, kills himſelf with laying more upon an Infirm

firm Body, than it is able to bear: wherefore we are to compare our *force*, with our *Undertaking*; and to have a care of *Burthens*, that are too heavy for our *ſhoulders*. We ſhould not meddle with any thing neither, but what we may hope to go thorough withal. The *next* thing is the choice of our *Companions*; for, we had need have a very good opinion of thoſe People, with whom we propound to divide our Lives: and to look narrowly into their *Converſation*, that we be not ruin'd for our *good will*. We are (in Concluſion) to examine our ſelves how we ſtand inclin'd to the thing in Queſtion; for, *'Tis loſt labour, to go about to force Nature.*

III. It is a hard matter for a man in *Paſſion*, to diſtinguiſh *Truth* and *Honeſty*, from *Errour*, and *Deluſion*; ſo that it is a point of *Prudence*, not to enter upon any *conſiderable Action*, in a *Diſtemper of mind*: for there is no greater Enemy to *Wiſdom*, than *Precipitation*, which brings many a man to deſtruction, beyond recovery: wherefore nothing is to be done *Headily*, or without

without *good Adviſe*. *Men* are Naturally *unſtable*, and *irreſolute*: *Providences*, *uncertain*; *Events*, *Dubious*; and *Experience it ſelf*, proves many times *deceitful*. *In the multitude of Counſellours*, *there is ſafety*. There are many eaſy people that judg of things by the *Gloſs* & *Out-ſide* only; and ſo fall into great miſtakes: but the wiſe man paſſes a ſtrict enquiry into the *things themſelves*, abſtracted from all *Artifice*, and *Impoſture*; into the *Qualities*, and not only into the *Names* of things. For, what is *Money*, *Reputation*, *Title*, but a ſuperficial *Verniſh* to dazle *Children*, and *Fools*? we are to place our ſelves, as upon a *Watch-Tower*, where we may diſcover all Accidents afar off, without danger of being *ſurpriz'd*, and crying out with the ſenſeleſs Multitude; *Who would have thought it*! We are likewiſe to proceed with *deliberation*; *maturity of judgment*, and *diligent examination* of things; for fear of ill Circumſtances: for there is ſo neer a reſemblance, betwixt *Vice* and *Virtue*, that we may very well miſtake the one for the other:

and

and entertain that for *Wiſdome*, which is nothing in the world but *Craft* and *Cunning*. When we have once made our *Election*, we are without delay, to put our purpoſe in *Execution*: For, *Good Counſel, without Execution, is of no Effect.*

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Juſtice, and Religion; The Acts of Both. Of Repentance, and wherein it conſiſts.

I. *Juſtice*, is a *Glorious*, and a *Communicative Virtue*; ordained for the Common-good of Mankind, without any regard to it ſelf. This is it, that keeps men from worrying one another, and preſerves the World in *Peace*. It is the *Bond* of *Human Society*; A kind of *Tacit Agreement*, and *Impreſſion* of *Nature*; Without which there is not any thing we do, that can deſerve a commendation. The *juſt* man *wrongs*

no

no body, but contents himself with his own; Does good to all; Thinks & speaks well of all; Gives every man his due, and is not any mans hindrance. Where he is in *Authority, he commands Righteous things; lies open to all; preferrs a publick good, before a private; punishes the Wicked, rewards the Good, and keeps every man in his duty.* Where he is in *subjection, he preserves concord, lives in obedience to Laws and Magistrates; contents himself in his station, without hankering after Offices and Preferment; and is no medler in other peoples matters.* He is *just* for *justice-sake,* and asks no other *Reward* than what he receives in the comfort of being *Just.*

II. *Religion* is the most excellent of *moral Virtues;* and is exercised immediately upon the *Honour* and *Worship of God:* of which this is the first point to *know* and *believe* him; and then, to *adore* him for his *Majesty* and *Goodness.* Barely to *know* God, is not *sufficient;* for, the *Devils themselves* do as much that *hate* him: There must be *Love* and

and *Adoration*, as well as *Knowledg*. I wiſh, we did but *diſcharge* our duty, as well as we *underſtand* it. There's none of us, but acknowledges *Gods Providence* in the ordering and governing of the world; His *Omnipotency*, *Glory*, and *Goodneſs*; and from his *mercy* it is, that we hope for Eternal Happineſs. Why do we not pay him that veneration then, which belongs to him? but prefer a little pittiful dirt before him? *Religion* lies not ſo much in the *underſtanding*, as in the *Practice*. He that is truly *Religious*, walks as in the preſence of God, and ſtudies perfection. The moſt acceptable *worſhip* of God is the *imitation* of him, which does in a manner unite us to God, and God to us; but it muſt be free then from *wandrings*, *negligence*, and *ſin*. It is to no purpoſe to *talk* like *Chriſtians*, and *live* like *Infidels*. This was it that made a famous Heathen Philoſopher to ſay, that, There was *nothing more Glorious than a Chriſtian in his diſcourſe*; *nothing more miſerable in his actions*.

III. *Repentance* is that which brings us

us to a *deteſtation* of *ſin*, with a full reſolution of *Amendment*, which reconciles us to God. To a *deteſtation*, I ſay, of our *paſt ſins*; whereof the *pleaſure* likewiſe is *paſt*; but the *Guilt*, *the Torment*, and the *Condemnation*, *ſticks by us*. To *Conceal* our Iniquities, is to no purpoſe; for, a *Guilty Conſcience paſſes ſentence upon it ſelf*. *Conſcience* is a kind of *Tribunal* which God Almighty hath ſet up in all *reaſonable Souls*, where every man is his own *Accuſer*, and both *Witneſs* and *Judg* againſt *himſelf*. Let us therefore enter into a ſtrict and daily examination of our ſelves, and without *hiding*, *mincing*, or *ſlipping* of any thing, call all our *thoughts*, *words*, and *deeds* to a ſtrict account. He that ſaies, *Lord be merciful to me a ſinner*, finds *mercy*. What am I the better for concealing my faults from other people, ſo long as I am conſcious of them to my ſelf? Unleſs I had rather be *damned* in *private*, than *abſolv'd* in *publique*, whatever we do with our *bodies*, there's no avoyding of our *Conſciences*, when we come once to caſt off *that Regard*, we are moſt *miſerable*.

IV. Our

IV. Our Life is divided into what's *paſt*, *preſent*, and *to come*. The *preſent* is but a *moment*, and, in the ſame *inſtant*, *Beginning* and *Ending*. The *future* has no *Being*, but only in *proſpect*; but whatſoever is *paſt*, we can *ſummon* and *call before us* at pleaſure. Many people are affraid of their own memories, becauſe if they look back, their ſins flie in their faces. But this ſhould not be. *Frequent Reflexion* is the readieſt way to *Reformation*. The more we *conſider* our Tranſgreſſions, the more ſhall we *abhor* them, and the leſs will be our danger of a Relapſe. Nothing more ordinary, than for a man that has ſcap'd Ship-wrack in a Storm, to renounce the Sea upon it, and to bleſs God for the *mercy* every time he thinks of the *danger*. It would be well, if we had the ſame ſenſe in the hazzard of our *Souls*, whilſt we have in that of our *Bodies*; and ſay, *It was a great ſcape: Let us take it for a warning, and run our ſelves no more upon the ſame Rock.* God hath ſpar'd us as often as we have offended; and ſhall we *preſume* then, and be the *worſe* for his infinite *Good-*

neſs?

neſs ? We are many times plodding and forecaſting what we are to do for the *future*; And why can we not as well bethink our ſelves of what we have done *already ?* For we muſt take counſel of the *time paſt*, if we intend to govern our ſelves as we ſhould, for the *time to come*. Many a man might have come to be wiſe in the end, if he had not thought himſelf ſo before his time. *In the way of Virtue, there is no ſtanding at at a ſtay: He that does not daily Advance, loſes Ground.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of Piety, and Obſervance. The Commendation of Obedience, and Gratitude. How to receive, and how to requite a Benefit.

I. IT is a point of Glory, beyond expreſſion, when a man ſhall be able to ſay, *I am the Son that never diſputed his Fathers Command; but whether it were eaſie, or hard, ſubmitted to it with chearfulneſs and Reverence: I am the man that never fail'd in his duty to his Country, to his Brethren and Relations; but made it the buſineſs of his Life to oblige and ſerve them.* *Theſe*, we call *Offices of Piety*, where a mans *Country*, *Parents*, and *Kindred*, are in the concern. And what is *Piety* in this caſe, we call *Obſervance* and *Reſpect*, in others; That is to ſay, in what relates to our *Superiours*, in *Honour*, *Wiſdome*, *Age*, *Religion*, *Holineſs*; as *Princes*,

Prelates, *Tutours*, and the like, to whom we render all sorts of *Reverence*; whether by *Rising*, *uncovering the Head*, *giving the Way*, *Alighting*, *Kneeling*, *Kissing the Hand*, *or Robe*, according to the usage and custom of the Place. Now the higher esteem we have of them, the greater will be our Reverence; for it strikes us in an Awe, and keeps us at such a distance, as manifests the sense we have of the disproportion betwixt us. *All Power is from God*; and what Respect soever we render to our *Superiours*, it falls very much short of what we owe them, if we consider that we reverence *God* in *Them*.

II. As by the *Disobedience* of our *first Parents*, *Misery* came into the world; so by the *Obedience* of the *Son of God*, are we reduced into a capacity of *Happiness*, if we will but be *obedient our selves*. *Obedience* is the *perfection* of all things, and the firmest *Connexion* of them with their *Original*; passing by a most admirable circulation *from God*, *unto God*. Our Saviour gave it a *preferrence*

ference, above all other Virtues, and parted with his own life to preſerve it. It is a kind of *Immolation of the will*, which is ſaid to be better than *Sacrifice*. When my *Superiour*, or the *Law commands* me, I am not to *reaſon* the matter, and *diſpute* it, or *deſire to be excuſed*; but candidly, and without delay, to *ſubmit*, and to do what I am bidden, with an equal *readineſs* and *alacrity*, whither it be *agreeable*, or unpleaſant; provided always, that there be no claſhing with the Will and Law of God; for in that caſe, we may be allow'd to be *Refractory and Diſobedient*, but in all others we are to *ſubmit*, without *expoſtulation* or *murmur*.

III. *Gratitude* is the ſenſe of a *Debt*, for a *Benefit received*. In the firſt place, we are to ſet an *Eſtimate* upon the *Benefit*, which we are *to value*; *partly*, for the thing it *ſelf*; and in *part*, for the *Kindneſs* and *Intention* of the *Benefactor*. He that lies under an Obligation, ſhould be often thinking of it, that it may never out of his mind; for the man that *forgets* a *Good-Turn*,

will hardly *requite* it; and he that remembers it as he *ought*, has, in effect, requited it *already*. In the point of *Gratitude*, there's no need of *Money*, *Labour*, *Felicity*; but the *Will* passes for the *Deed*, be the Benefit never so considerable. Let the *Receiver* behave himself *Chearfully*, and in such a manner, as that the Benefactor may read his satisfaction in his Countenance, and so reap some fruit of his bounty in the very act of conferring it. It is a great delight for a man to see his Friend happy, much more to *make* him so. The *frank*, *kind*, and *thankful* entertainment of a *Favour*, is a good part of *payment*. Some people cannot endure to think of their debts, and those never had a mind (from the very beginning) to be Grateful; but he that extolls a kindness, and wishes he could requite it, though he despair on't, has as good as requited it. I have seen some people *look askew*, and *squeamishly* (I know not how) when they have borrowed money, and take it in so odd a careless fashion, as if they would have it thought the greatest favour in the world

world for them to accept of it. He that is not *ſenſible* of an *Obligation*, does not *deſerve* it; and a *cold acknowledgment is worſe than none at all.* It is the part of *an honeſt man*, in the very inſtant of *receiving* a Benefit, to bethink himſelf of a *Return*; for he's a Betrayer of his Truſt, that will not reſtore what he has *received.* Nor is it *enough* to give a man his *own* again; but *kindneſſes* are to be repaid with *Intereſt.* There is a *Gratitude* even in the *Earth it ſelf*, that yields us our *Grayne* again with *Intereſt.* And yet we muſt not be too *quick* neither in our *Returns*: Some there are, that ſo ſoon as ever they receive *one preſent*, will be ſure to ſend back *another*; as who ſhould ſay, *Now I'm out of your dirty debt*; but this is rather an *Affront*, than a *Requital.*

CHAP. XXV.

Of Truth, and the use of it. In Commendation of singleness of Heart. The Acts of Fidelity.

I. WHatsoever we *speak*, *write*, or by any *Action*, *Hint*, or *Gesture*, give to *understand*, let it be *Truth*; for nothing can be more scandalous than a *false tongue* in the mouth of a *Christian*. It is a *vulgar*, and an *unmanly sin*, to *speak one thing*, and *think another*. He that is *Generous*, will deliver things *simply* as they are, without *aggravating*, *amplifying*, *palliating*, *shifting*, *or juggling*. *Plain Truth* must have *plain Words*: She is *Innocent*, and accounts it no *shame* to be seen *Naked*: Whereas the *Hypocrite*, or *Double-dealer*, *shelters* and *hides* himself in *Ambiguities* and *Reserves*. The *Evil-speaker*

Evil-speaker hates the light, as the *Evil-doer*. We are not our *Opinions* as we do our *Cloaths*, to carry one appearance in *private*, another in *publick*; one thing in the *Face*, and another in the *Heart*. Nature her self has an Abhorrence for it, as we see in Children, even before they come to the full exercise of *their* reason. The *Lye* is one of the first Reproaches they are sensible of, meerly by the impulse of an *In-bred Aversion* to *false-hood*; wherein is remarkable the providence of God, that has implanted those *Principles* in our *Souls*, and made those *Virtues natural* to us, which are of absolute *necessity* for the support of *Humane Life* and *Society*. It is an abominable thing to *belye* the *Truth*, even in *Words*; but the *Lye* of *Life* is the most pernicious of all others. With what face then can we exclaim against the baseness of a *lying tongue*, when our whole *practise* & *conversation* is but *one continu'd Lye*, *all through?* It s a great matter for a man to consist with himself.

II. *Simplicity* is a virtue, scarce *known*

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among *men*, but of great *worth* and *value* in the Acceptation of *God*; who being *integrity* and *ſimplicity*, in the *Abſtract himſelf*, requires likewiſe *ſimplicity of heart*, in thoſe that worſhip and ſerve him. By this *ſimplicity*, is underſtood *an invariable Tenour of Life*; which without any *diſguiſe*, or *hypocriſie*, is *really* what it *ſeems* to be. He that is endu'd with this Virtue, makes no ſcruple of frankly confeſſing his Imperfections, where there is occaſion. He deals candidly, and clearly, without any fraudulent, or crafty deſign and intereſt in his proceeding: He believes all men honeſt, and ſuſpects no body. (But ſtill under the guard of a prudential circumſpection). He makes it his ſtudy to be *Wiſe* to *God-ward*, though the *world* calls him *Fool* for his pains; and the *ſingle buſineſs* of his *life* to pleaſe *God*. Why do we trouble our ſelves then about *many things*, when there is but *one thing* neceſſary? which is, that by an *undivided affection*, we may become acceptable in his ſight, who is *Unity*, and *ſimplicity it ſelf*. *There is but one way to one and the ſame end.*

III. I

III. I look upon *Fidelity* as one of the *greateſt* and moſt *valuable advantages* of *man-kind*. Take away this, and you deſtroy *Commerce*, *Friendſhip*, *Leagues*, and even *Government it ſelf*. So *neceſſary* is *this Virtue*, and yet withall, ſo *ſcarce*, that *it is hardly to be found upon the face of the Earth*. Witneſs our *Voluminous Conveyances*; the infinite cautionary Circumſtances of *Witneſſes*, *Hands*, *and Seals*; the numberleſs Proviſions of *Security*, to make a contract firm, and binding, and all little enough yet, to prevent *Subornation*, and *Fraud*: So ſordid are moſt people, that their *Faith* is not ſo dear to them as their *profit*. How ſhameful a confeſſion is this of our *Deceit* and *Wickedneſs*; that we can neither *Truſt*, nor be *Truſted* without *Witneſſes*, *Securities*! That we rather commit our ſelves to our *Parchments*, than to our *Souls*. But a man of *Honour* and *Integrity* will ſooner break his *Heart*, than his *Word*; he will *betray no mans ſecrets*; he will not forfeit his *Parole* even to an *Enemy*; no, not if he had a thouſand Crowns and Lives at ſtake. He is not *eaſie* to promiſe

miſe any thing upon the ſudden, becauſe he knows that *haſty Promiſes are commonly followed with ſpeedy Repentance.* But when his *Word* is once *paſt*, he ſtands as firm as a Rock, *unmoveable*, *unalterable*; that is to ſay, *unleſs the promiſe were unlawful*, and *in that caſe the Obligation ceaſes.*

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Friendſhip; the qualities and duties of it. Certain Precepts for Converſation.

I. THere is not any thing more *neceſſary*, more *commodious*, or more *delightful* in the courſe of *Humane Life*, than *Friendſhip.* It is the *kindneſs* of *Two Perſons grounded* upon *Virtue*, and *ſupported* by a *mutual Communication* of all *comforts* and *benefits.* Now how great a Bleſſing this is, let any man judg, when two minds are ſo

so prepar'd and disposed, that my *Friends Breast* is as my *own*; my *secrets* as safe *there*: And in case of my particular good, my own Soul is the less tender of the two. He is my *Companion* in *solitude*, my *Counseller* in *difficulties*, my *Relief* in *sadness*, and the *joy* of my *Eyes* when ever I look upon him. He is my *Confessour* in all my *scruples*; and I never meet with him, (so much as by chance) but I'm the better for him. There are some litle Creatures, that a man takes no notice of at the present, till he finds afterward, by a *Tumour* or *Inflamation*, that they have stung him: and so it is in the Conversation of a True Friend; *we* find the *Blessing* of it in the *Effects*, but *when*, or *how* we received the *Impression*, we know not. *Friendship*, to be *perfect*, must be *Reciprocal*; but it is *nobler* to *Love*, than to be *Belov'd*; and therefore we are to consider *Benevolence* as the *foundation* of it. The *secondary* part, of *loving again*, may have as much of *Justice* and *Gratitude* in it, as of *Kindness*. The most Illustrious friendship of all, is that which is cimented by a *Religious fear and love of God*,

God, without any regard to *Intereſt*, *Paſſion*, *Perſonal kindneſs*, *Flattery*, or the like. *There can be no ſubſtantial, and laſting friendſhip between wicked men.*

II. In the *choyce* of a *Friend*, we cannot be too wary. The Proverb bids us *eat a buſhel of Salt together, before we reſolve upon't.* But there are *four qualifications* however, which are eſſentially neceſſary to the perfecting of a *Friendſhip*: that is to ſay, *Faith*, *Intention*, *Prudence*, and *Patience*. The *firſt*, is a matter of great *difficulty* and *hazzard*; for there is hardly that man upon Earth, whom we can ſafely entruſt with the privacies and concernments of our Lives and Fortunes; and then, if we be *deceiv'd*, we're *loſt*. In the *ſecond* place, the *intention* muſt be *pure*; for otherwiſe, under the colour of a *Celeſtial friendſhip*, there may be advanced ſome *common* and *beaſtly deſign*. There muſt be great *Prudence* too, for there occur many *niceties* in the enterchange of *amicable offices* and *duties*. The *fourth* Requiſite, is *Patience*, or *conſtancy of mind*,

mind, which will enable a man to endure any thing, rather than forsake a friend in his distress. If it shall be our good hap to meet with a person whom we judg to be thus qualified, we are not yet to rest upon that opinion, without a further search. But to enquire what Friends he has had before, & how he has us'd them, and expect that he will hereafter be the same to us, which he has been formerly to others. A *Faithful Friend* is a *Living Treasure*; *Inestimable* while we *have* him, and never enough to be *lamented* when he's *gone*. There is not under the Canopy of Heaven so great a *Blessing*, as to be link'd in a Friendship with a person that loves a man only for himself, without any respect to the Circumstances of *Fortune*, *Table*, *good Humour*, or the like; that sets us *right* in our *mistakes*, *encourages*, *relieves* and *supports* us in all *extremities*. There is nothing more ordinary, than to *talk* of a Friend; nothing more difficult, than to *find* one. There is not one man of a million, that loves *Gratis*; and he that loves for *By-ends*, cannot properly be said to be a *true Friend*.

Friend. His *kindneſs* is only Govern'd by his *Profit.* Take away the *Cauſe* of his Friendſhip, and *that goes too. True Friendſhip is there moſt wanting, where we imagine it does moſt abound.*

III. We are to treat a *Friend* that ſtands in need of *Reproof*, as a *Phyſician* does his *Patient*; he ſpares neither *Fire*, nor *Lance*, to *cure* him. We muſt behave our ſelves with *Liberty*, *Boldneſs*, *Conſtancy*, without *neglecting*, or *diſſembling* any thing. *It is a damnable kind of reſpect, to pay a Reverence to Wickedneſs.* But ſtill, let the *Admonition* be *Private*, and managed with all poſſible *ſoftneſs*, both of *Language* and *Behaviour. Before* the friendſhip is *contracted*, we do well to *pauſe* upon it, and *deliberate*; but when the *League* is *ſtruck*, there muſt be nothing but *freedome* and *confidence. He that ſpeaks to his Friend, does but talk to himſelf.* The truth of it is, a man ſhould ſo live, as not to truſt even his *own heart* with what he might not ſafely commit to an *Enemy.* But ſeeing that there are many things, which *cuſtome* and *decency*

cency have made *Private*, there is yet ſubject-matter enough for the *Truſt* and *Confidence* of *Friendſhip*. Some people I have known ſo ſick of a *ſecret*, that they'd ſtill *throw it up to the next man they meet*; and *publiſh* in the *Market-place*, what was only fit for the ear of a *particular friend*. Some again are ſo *ſcrupulous* on the *other* ſide, that they'le ſmother all, rather than truſt the neareſt Friend they have in the world: (no not *themſelves* neither, if they could help it.) They are *both* in the *wrong*, as well for Truſting *every body*, as *no body*; only, *the one* is the *honeſter miſtake*, and the *other*, the *ſafer*. But the former is ſafe enough too, if we would but turn our care from the *concealment* of what we have done, to the *doing* of nothing that we care who knows.

IV. There is ſome affinity betwixt *Friendſhip* and *Courteſie*, or *affability*, which is a great *ſweetner* of *Converſation*, and keeps it within the bounds of *modeſty* and *few words*. A good man has his *Ears* open, and his *mouth ſhut*; and deſires rather to *inform* himſelf, than to

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publiſh himſelf; and to be a *gainer* by the *Company*, rather than to *ſquander away* of his *own*. We ſhould do well to acquaint our ſelves with the wayes and humours of thoſe we converſe with, how irregular ſoever, and not to take notice of every trivial, Childiſh impertinence we meet with. It is a low and *Womaniſh weakneſs*, only to frequent thoſe that *ſay as we ſay*, and blow us up with *Flatteries* and *Applauſe*. I would have a man to ſpeak ſparingly of himſelf, and his own affaires: not to be over-ſtiff in defending his own opinion; nor to talk too magiſterially in a ſtile of Authority. When we encounter any thing that diſpleaſes us, let us but try before we *condemn* it in *others*, if we be not guilty of it our *ſelves*. By ſo doing, from whatſoever we ſee or hear, we may draw ſome advantage: *And things are at a good paſs, when one man is the better for another mans faults.*

V. There are a ſort of men, that, if they do but ſee any thing out of the *mode* of the *place* where they live, will preſently ſtand gaping and laughing at

it; and *a man out of the fashion*, passes for little better with them, than a *monster*. This is a most *Inhumane Levity* of *mind*, to *adore* our *selves*, and make a *scorn* of *others*. For we should set an esteem upon every thing, for what it is, and not for what it *seems* to be. It is the *Novelty*, the *Artifice*, the *Rarity*, the *Difficulty*, the *Pomp*, the *Reputation*, and the *outward appearance*, that enhances the price of every thing with the *people*: Whereas the *Wise* man rates it according to the *Intrinsique value*, and reckons as nothing, all the rest, which is so much the *Wonder*, and the *Idol* of the *Brain-sick Rabble*. If we do not pinch and streighten our selves, it is our own fault if we make not some profit of what-ever happens. Why do we not imitate the *Comedians*? They can *Weep*, without *Grieving*; *Purchase*, without *Possessing*; *Command*, without *Authority*; *Threaten*, without *Revenge*; and *Chide*, without *Indignation*. The business is, they Act *other mens lives* without any concern of their *own*; and why we should not order our selves in *Society* with the same *Indifference*, I

know not: The whole *world* is but a great *Theater*, where there are as many *Players* as *Men*. Let it be our Care as much as in us lies, to be rather *Spectators* than *Actors*; for the *latter* take all the *pains*, and do but make *sport* for the *other*.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of Liberality; what it is, and how to be exercised. Wherein it differs from Magnificence.

I. I Do not call that man *Liberal*, who does (as it were) pick a *quarrel* with his money, and knows not how either to *part* with it, or *keep it*. (For he does not *give* it, but *throws* it away.) *He* is the *Liberal* man that disposes of it according to *discretion* and *reason*. He proportions his *Bounty* to his *Ability*: He bestows it upon those that *want* it, and picks his *time* too, when it may do them most *Good*. *Liberality* is a Virtue that may be extended to the *receiving*

receiving, as well as to the *conferring* of bounties, but the latter is here intended; for it is more Honourable to *Give*, than to *Receive*. It is not for any man to say, *If I had a Fortune, I would do so, or so*; for where there wants *Power* and *Means*, the very *will* is sufficient. So *sufficient*, that in *Truth*, it is the *main point* of the *Obligation*: which lies not so much in the *profit* of the *Receiver*, as in the *Intention* of the *Doner*. Does any man thank the *Sea* for letting him *Sayle* upon't? or his *Orchard* for a basket of *Apples*? or the *Wind* for a *favourable Gale*? And yet these are all *Benefits*, but not conferr'd upon us by *Voluntary Agents*. Moreover, when we are in the *Bountiful Humour*, *the Quick doing*, *is the Grace*: We must not say to a Friend, *Come again to morrow*: and so torment him with *delay* and *expectation*. He that *gives heartily* and *kindly*, gives *speedily*. A Generous nature thinks he can never make haste *enough*. *The Favour is twice as welcome, that meets the Receiver at half way.* A *Courtesie* comes so *hard* from some people, accompany'd with so much *sowerness*, and

insolence, that a man had better be without it.

II. He that lives only to *himself*, without any regard to the *Good* and *Utility* of his *Neighbour*, can never be *happy*. What is there, that any man shall pretend to *spare*, as his *own*? *when all men of Estates, are in effect, but Trustees for the Benefit of the needy.* The *Bags* that we keep under so many *Bolts*, and which we have extorted from the *Fatherless* and *Widdow*, by *Violence* and *Blood*; If we reckon upon them as *ours*, we are exceedingly *mistaken*. For alas! They are but *deposited* with *us* for the *Relief* of *others*. Or however; 'tis but the Rifling of our Coffers to *Night*, and they change their Master *to Morrow*. If we would *secure* them, and make them our *own*, we must *bestow* them. Nor is it so much a *Bounty*, as a *Purchase*, the parting with them. For *he that gives to the Poor, lends to the Lord*; and (for the *temporal advantages* of *Money*, *Land*, *Houses*, and the like) secures himself of a *blessed Eternity* in *Exchange*. *Money* is never of so much

much value in the *Hord*, as when it is *communicated*, and thrown among the *Poor*.

III. Where the *Expence* is *moderate*, we call it *Liberality*; where it is *high* and *ſplendid*, *Magnificence*: which ariſe *both* of them from the *ſame principle* in the *mind*; but as to the *world*, the *one* ſhews it ſelf in *ſmall* things, and the *other* in *great*. A man may be *Liberal* out of a ſmall *Fortune*, but to be *Magnificent*, there muſt be *Opulency*, and *Plenty*; for *Magnificence* lies properly in the *glory* of the *work*. If a man ſhould ſell a *Jewel*, and give the product of it to *Charitable uſes*, this man is rather ſaid to be *Liberal* than *Magnificent*: But if he ſhould beſtow the *value* of that *Jewel* upon the building of a *Church*, a *Chappel*, or any other *ſplendid* and *publique Structure*, He is then ſaid to be *Magnificent*. Under *this Head* are comprehended all works of *great expenſe*, which relate to *Divine Worſhip*, *common Utility*, *publick Exerciſes* and *Entertainments*. In things of this quality, there muſt be a *proportion* kept be-

twixt the *Charge* and the *Estate*. For where a man *Borrows* to *Build*, and runs himself in *Debt*, for the Reputation of a *great Name*; such a work is not to pass for a *Magnificence*, but a *Folly*. *He* is the only *Liberal* and *Magnificent* person, who *takes* from *himself*, what soever he *bestows*, or *expends* upon *others*.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Of Fortitude; The Duties of it. A man of Resolution does contemn Death.

I. SUch is the *Softness*, and the *Infirmity* of *Humane Nature*, that if it were not for this Virtue of *Fortitude*, we should all of us most shamefully abandon our Stations, and never so much as dare to look Danger in the face. It is commonly divided into *Active* and *Passive*; the *one embold'ning* us to *encounter* all *difficulties*, and

and the *other*, *enabling* us to *support* them. It is not the part of a man of *true Courage*, rashly to throw himself into *unnecessary Hazzards*, but generously to bear up against Misfortune when it comes. He does not *pray* for terrible encounters, but he *laughs* at them; when *others* are *dejected*, *he holds up his head*; and keeps his *leggs* when others are at their length upon the *ground*. It is not *Dishonour*, *Repulse*, *Exile*, *Oppression*; no, not *Prisons*, *Tortures*, nor even *Death it self* that can *startle* him: He has a *greatness of mind*, that sets him above all *Passions*, *Distempers*, and *Calamities* whatsoever. He is not to be wrought upon to do an *ill thing*, by all the *fair* or *foul* means imaginable: Let there be never so many Rubs in his way, he presses forward still; acquits himself of duty, and goes thorough with his work in despight of all Impediments. He stands upright under any burthen whatsoever, and scornes to go *before*, when *Power*, *Terrour*, and *Violence* shall have done their worst upon him. His Virtue carries him through all dangers; and what he suffers by the way,

he matters not, ſo he comes at laſt to his Journeys end.

II. As men at *Sea*, in *fair weather*, are ſtill *fitting* and *providing* for a *Storme*; ſo ſhould we in *Good Fortune*, be ſtill *providing* and *fortifying* our ſelves againſt the injuries of *Bad*. And this is to be done by putting the caſe at *worſt*, *before-hand*; and trying our ſelves upon the *ſuppoſition*, as if we were upon the *real experiment*. *My Children are all Dead*, *The Veſſel's Loſt*, *I am Baniſh'd*, *Wounded*, *Tormented*, *Diſeas'd*, *Calumniated*, *Diſgrac'd*. Well! and what does all this now amount to, more than what I have *foreſeen*, and *contemned* before? Our *Joys* and our *Tears* are allotted us from Eternity; and what variety ſoever there may appear in the *Circumſtances* and *Accidents* of our lives, all comes to *this* in the *up-ſhot*; ſuch as we are our *ſelves*, ſuch are the things we have *received*; *Tranſitory* and *Mortal*. Now what cauſe is here of *diſpleaſure* or *complaint*? If when we have loſt all that belongs to us, we are yet our *ſelves*, *whole* and *entire*? *Life*

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it *ſelf* is a *Debt*, and when God calls for it In, Is it not better to make a *voluntary payment*, *than to be forc'd to't?* *Epicurus* is of opinion, that *a Wiſe man may be happy upon the Wrack*, and take pleaſure even in *Phalarus his Bull*. This is a *bold word*, and yet no more than we find verified in the conſtancy of divers of our *Martyrs*; who have dy'd at the *Stake* with ſo much chearfulneſs, as if they had felt nothing at all of the Torment. To him that truly loves *God*, all *Pains* are turned into *Comforts*.

III. The thing which of all others moſt ſtaggers our Reſolution, is *Death*; and I do not at all wonder at the difficulty of bringing the mind to a contempt of *Life*, conſidering that (ſhort of Heaven) it is of all comforts incomparably the *greateſt Bleſſing*. And yet it is not either for a *Wiſe man*, or for a *Chriſtian*, to reckon *Death* in the number of *Evils*, which is, it ſelf, the *End* of *Evils*; and the *beginning* of *Life everlaſting*. Why ſhould any man be afraid to *Dye*, that is to *Live again?* Or why ſhould he be *afraid* to dye, that

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is *ſure* to dye? In matters that are *doubtful*, we may be allow'd our *hopes* and *fears*: But *Certainties* are only to be *expected*, and *none but mad-men will ſtruggle with invincible neceſſity. Children*, and ſtark *Fools*, we ſee, have little or no apprehenſion of *Death*; and ſhall not *our Reaſon* then carry us as far as *their Folly*? *Death* is *one Condition* of *Life*; and he that has enter'd into the *Obligation*, muſt ſubmit to the *Condition.*

IV. Nature has been ſo kind, as to allow us the uſe and benefit of all her Creatures for a certain ſeaſon; when the time is out, let us contentedly depart; and according to the courſe of Providence, let one Generation make room for another. Where is the Wiſe man, that if it were offer'd him at the laſt gaſp, to live his life over again, and to run thorough all the ſmother of his *Mothers Belly*, the Crudity and folly of his *Infancy*, the Terrours of his *Childhood*, the Hazzards of his *Youth*, the cares of his *Riper ſtate*, and the laborious irkſomeneſs of *Old Age*. Where

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is the Wise man, I say, that would accept of *Life* again upon these terms? Let us therefore consider whither we are going, and what we leave behind us. If we were in despair of a *better Life*, we might then be pardoned the dread we have of the end of *this*. The truth of it is, we have misspent our time in *Vanity* and *Sin*, without laying up any thing in this world, to give us a hopeful prospect of the next: We should not otherwise stand trembling upon the brink of Eternity; if it were not for *Death*, a good man had better never have been born.

V. No man entertains Death so chearfully, as he that has been a long time preparing himself for it; for frequent Meditation makes it familiar and easie to us, (I had almost said, and *welcome.*) It is not the number of *days* and *years* that makes a *long Life*, but a *well-composed mind.* A Soul that rejoyces to think of leaving the Body, and returning to him that gave it. *He that dies well, has liv'd long enough; and no man can fail of dying well, that has*

has liv'd well. He that would die in Peace, muſt wean himſelf from all the ſatisfactions of this world, before-hand. What has he to *fear*, that has already ſtript himſelf of more than *Death* could have taken from him? If we would make *Life* pleaſant, we muſt caſt off all care of *that* too, and *then* let *Death* come in any ſhape and *welcome*, whether we are diſpatch'd by a *Sword*, or a *Fever*, it is the ſame thing. No man is ſo happy both in *Life*, and *Death*, as he that can every day ſay to himſelf, *I have Liv'd*; for all that *follows*, is *another* Life to him in *ſurpluſage*. *He that would live comfortably, muſt dye daily.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Magnanimity. The Description of a Magnanimous man.

I. M*Agnanimity* is an *Heroical Virtue*, of an Indefatigable force, and undaunted courage, and never without some Glorious design: There is somewhat extraordinary, methinks, in the very *sound* of it. If it were not for *this Virtue*, most of the *rest* would fall short of their ends, for want of *Resolution* to grapple with the difficulties they are to encounter. *This* is it that inspires us with *Great* and *Generous Inclinations*, that *animates* and *supports* us in all *Hazzards* and *Extremities*, and with Gods assistance breaks through all oppositions, till it has placed us in the possession of what we desire. He that would make himself considerable, must offer at something that is so. *The more Danger, the more Honour. Man, when he is truly himself, can do more than we think for.* II. *Great*

II. *Great minds* are always intent upon *Great matters*: not what the *common people* call *great*, for *that*, *they* look upon as *despicable*. Their care is to do things that are *Honourable* in the sight of their own *Consciences*, but whether the *world gives*, or *refuses* them the *Honour* they *deserve*, it matters not; unless in cases, where *duty*, or the *glory* of *God* require the contrary. Their business is *Virtue*, not *Ostentation*; and the reward of well-doing, they find in the Action it self, without depending upon the voyce of the people. They are *Eminent* above others, & *Invincible*; and unalterably steady in all Fortunes; no Intruders into high places, but content in their own Stations. They are above submissions and entreaties to other people, for they need nothing but what they find in themselves. They know neither *Fear* nor *Flattery*; and when they put themselves forward, to be taken notice of, it is not for *Vanity* sake, but to justifie the cause of *Religion* and *Virtue*. And yet in all this height of *Spirit*, and *Resolution* toward *men*, they are *to Godward* the *humblest*, the meekest of all Mortals.

Mortals. To him it is, that they aſcribe all, from whom they have received all; acknowledging, that of *themſelves*, they *have* nothing, they can *do* nothing, they *are* nothing. Provided that a man thinks ſoberly and humbly of himſelf, he may be allowed to take ſome delight (with modeſty) in the good opinion of other people. It is not well to *Hunt*, or *Court Applauſe*; but if it follows us, neither are we to *reject* it.

III. A *great mind* preſſes to his end, thorough the thickeſt of his Enemies, and upon the very points of their Weapons, without any ſtop or heſitation. His behaviour toward his *Equals* or *Inferiours*, is *Temperate* and *Modeſt*. Toward his *Superiours*, it is neither *Slaviſh* nor *Inſolent*: He never paſſes the bounds of *Decency* and *Reſpect*; but on the other ſide, he is not to be *Trampled* upon. Where he *Loves* or *Hates*, he owns it publickly, and takes the ſame freedome in his *Actions* and *Diſcourſes*; for there is nothing in this world, that he either *hopes* for, or *fears*. He does many things that *other* people do, but not

not the *same way*, and therefore he's upon the *Reserve* with the *Multitude*, for he takes no pleasure at all in their acquaintance. He does not willingly remember Injuries, and where they cannot be avoyded, bears them, without any complaints or submissions. There are not many that he commends, nor many that he would be commended by; but his care is nevertheless, to do things that are worthy of Commendation. No man has him at his *beck*, but his *Friend*, or his *Superiour*. He wonders at nothing, and the reason is, he meets not with any thing which appears to him, either *Great* or *New*. In case of Accidents, he is safe within himself, and so the event of things never troubles him. In his *motion*, *spirit*, and *stile*, he is *grave*, *slow*, *steady*, and *composed*. He that has but little to do, may do it at leisure; and there is no place for much earnestness, where a man is content within himself.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Patience; The Occasions and Effects of it The Signs of it. An Exhortation to it, with Instruction how to behave our selves in Adversity. The necessity of Perseverance.

I. PAtience is a Virtue that enables us to bear *Adversity* with *Equality of mind*; but because there are *several sorts* of *Adversities*, there are likewise several *Names* given to *Patience*, answerable to the variety of Evils which it is to be exercised upon. *Patience*, properly so called, is the gift of bearing *Injuries*, without *Perturbation*, and with *courage*. When it relates to the loss of *Goods* and *Fortune*, it is call'd *Æquanimity*: And that which keeps up the heart, in the *delays* and disappointments of some expected Good, we call *Longanimity*. But the Virtue

which fortifies us to all other purpoſes; and ſupports us in all *Afflictions* and *Calamities*, *Forreign* or *Domeſtick*, *Publick* or *Private*, is known by the name of *Conſtancy*; The Virtue of all others that we have moſt occaſion for. It is not for nothing that the *Life* of *man* is call'd a *Warfare*, conſidering how we are beſet with Adverſaries, and what troops of miſchieves break in daily upon us. Not a moment paſſes without an *Aſſault*, without a *Combat*; and if we had no Enemies *abroad*, we ſhould yet find work enough to do with thoſe in our own Boſoms. We breed, and we harbour Enemies within our ſelves, that *crucifie* & *torment* us. We come *weeping* into the world, and ſo we *live* in it, and ſo we *leave* it. It is the firſt thing we learn, and we can find *tears* when we are capable of nothing elſe. We have heard of divers that never *laugh'd*, but not of any man yet that never *wept*. It concerns us therefore to arm our ſelves with *Patience*, without which, we can neither be *Reſolute* nor *Perfect*: no man knows the value of it, till he reads it; that is to ſay, till he falls into *Tribulation*.

tion. Never was any Wise man Impatient.

II. He that never experimented *Ill Fortune*, has the more to fear. *Physicians* tell us, that there may be *too good a habit of Body*, and that nothing is more dangerous than a *Plethory*. So at *Sea*, a *dead Calme* is commonly the fore-runner of a *Storm*. If we lie under the lash of *cross Accidents*, we are not to reckon upon it as a *Cruelty*, or a *Persecution*; but a *Conteſt*: Without a *Skirmish*, there can be no *Victory*; and without a *Victory*, no *Triumph*. Now if *Christ himself was to suffer, and so to enter into his Glory*; shall we pretend to go *scot-free*, and be made *partakers* of what *another* has purchas'd, *Gratis*? He that thinks to go to Heaven any other way, does most miserably deceive himself. *To do Good*, and *to suffer Ill, is the Sacramental Oath of a Christian.* To come now to the *Signs* of a *perfected Patience*. He that has attain'd that point, bears whatsoever befalls him, without reluctation; he does not murmur under the Rod, nor return Evil for Evil. He *loves* his *Enemies*, and *prays* for those that

perſecute him: he ſees the hand of God in his Afflictions; and either ſayes nothing at all, or appeales only to Heaven for releif, with a ſubmiſſion to ſuffer, whatſoever the Almighty ſhall ſee fit to lay upon him, with *joy* and *thanksgiving*. To conclude, *It is a high degree of Patience, to bear with the imperfections of a weak Brother.*

III. In the loſs of *Worldly goods*, it is no ſmal comfort, to conſider the frail, and uncertain condition of them. Whatſoever we *poſſeſs*, whatſoever we *love*, is *Naturally Fugitive*. It is *with* us indeed, but it is not properly *ours*: and we are not to fool our ſelves into a paſſion for an imaginary ſtability, we our ſelves are not firm to any thing; neither can we expect that any thing ſhould be ſo to us: *Virtue* only excepted, which *immortalizes*, even our *mortality*; all other things carry their death along with them. Let us therefore keep a diſtance betwixt our *poſſeſſions* and our *ſelves*: for when they come to *mingle* and *Incorporate*, he that takes our *Eſtate, takes heart and all. A*

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good man cannot be properly ſaid to loſe any thing, for whatſoever can be taken *from* him, is no part of *himſelf*: but an *acceſſary* or *circumſtance*, that, whether it *ſtaies* or *goes*, he eſteems himſelf neither the *richer*, nor the *poorer* for. What a deal of *pudder* we make; what *outcryes* and *lamentations*, for the loſs of a ſum of *Money*, the death of a *Child*, the fireing of a *Houſe!* but we can part with our *Modeſty*, our *Honeſty*, our *Conſtancy*, and never ſo much as change colour for't: and yet *here* we loſe a *ſubſtantial good*, and what's our *own* too; whereas in the *other* caſe we loſe *neither*: he that grieves for ſuch a loſs, deſerves no better. If it were not for an *inordinate love*, we ſhould not accompt that we had loſt any thing. What are *outward things*, to the *inward man?* or what *correſpondence* betwixt *Wiſdome* and *Mony*.

IV. It would do very well, in whatſoever we go about; to take in all the *adjuncts* that attend it, for there are many *circumſtances*, that for want of *fore-ſight* and *precaution*, may come to

trouble us. *I call my ſervant*, it may be he's out of the way, or does not doe as I would have him. *I'm to make a viſit*, who knows but the man may lock himſelf up? or ſhut the door againſt mee, and refuſe to be ſeen? ſuppoſe this *before hand*, and all's well. It is the *wambling* of a *Nauſeous mind*, (*the Ladies diſeaſe*,) to ſtand *pittering*, becauſe, (forſooth) *I could not be admitted, as well as ſuch a one; I could not get ſo much as one word with him: I was even crowded down to the lower end of the Table, &c.* He that is not affected with this, takes no notice at all of it; and he that does not underſtand it to be meer matter of courſe, is a very great ſtranger certainly to the affairs of Human life: if we can *mend* it, *let* us; if *not*, let us *bear* it. We are apt to exclaim againſt the *Malice*, the *Wickedneſs*, the *Impudence* of the Age we live in: and we do very well in it, if we can but reform the world, and drive before us all the *Fooles* and *Knaves* out of it. But if this will not be, we had even as good ſay nothing: it is no new thing for people to go on in their own way:

way: Why do we not rather turn the Blame upon our ſelves, for expecting any better? the world *was* never otherwiſe, nor ever *will* be: but *faults* there muſt be, as long as there are *men*.

V. He that labours under any *Affliction* ſhould conſider, not ſo much what he *ſuffers*, as what he has *done*; and what he *now* takes for a *ſeverity*, will be *then* found to be a *mercy*: and that it is laid upon him, by Almighty God, for his *good*, that is to ſay, that God *chaſtiſes* him to *humble* him; try him, harden him, and bring him to *himſelf*. They that take their full of pleaſure in this world, are commonly reſerved for torments in the next. He that wallows in *Abundance*, and *Plenty*, who knows how he would behave himſelf in a condition of *Want*, and *Penury*? or with what conſtancy any man would abide the *Rage* and *Odium* of the People, that has grown old in the enjoyments of *Popular Honour* and *Applauſe*? we are forward enough to offer *Conſolation*, and give *good Counſel* to *others* in diſtreſs: why do we not rather apply to our *own*

diſcontents, and turn the advice upon our *ſelves ?* In the caſe of the *Body*, we can part with a limb to *a Surgeon*, and give him *thanks too*, and a *reward* for his pains : *affliction is Gods remedy*, and no leſs neceſſary to the Soul, then *burning* or *ſtarving* is to the *Body*: and yet here we are apt to *Mutter* and *Repine*; and to miſtake that, for a *loſs*, or a *miſery*, which both in the *intention*, and in the *effect*, is a *Cure*. If *Poverty*, *Sickneſs*, and whatſoever elſe we call *evil*, might but be ſuppoſed to enter into an expoſtulation, and ſhould ask us, *Gentlemen, what's your quarrel to us? what hurt have we done you ? have we taken away any of your Prudence, Juſtice, Fortitude, or any thing elſe that was good, and you could call your own ? may you not live as merrily with us, as without us ?* we muſt lay our fingers upon our mouths, and anſwer only in *Silence*. The matter duly weighed, we take *good* for *evil*, and *evil* for *good*: and *the greateſt of our misfortunes is our impatience*.

VI. In *another Bodies* caſe, one may diſſemble a reſolution, and conſtancy of

of mind, but hardly in our *own*. *We are to weep with thoſe that weep*; but though our *Tears* be in *Common*, it does not follow, that the *cauſe* of them muſt be ſo *too*. We are as much as in us lies, to comfort and ſuccour the afflicted. If any man does us an *injury*, let us conſider, that, *Every thing has two handles*; *a right*, *and a wrong*; and take it by the *right*. *The man is unjuſt*. If we take it that way, there followes *Animoſity* and *Violence*. But then on the other ſide, *he's one for whom Chriſt dyed*; *redeemed by the ſame pretious blood*, *with our ſelves*, *and call'd out to the ſame glory*. The turning of our thoughts this way, quiets all. We may likewiſe paſs this reflection upon it; in the matter of *reproof*, we may ſooner hear the truth from an *Enemy*, then from a *Friend*: for it is his buſineſs to find *faults*, and to explore our *infirmities*, even more then we do our *ſelves*. If we do any thing that we ſhould not do, or neglect any thing that we ſhould do, we ſhall be ſure to hear of it from him, and to have the Town ring on't. Let us therfore make profit of his enmity,

and

and look to our ſelves, we ſhall be the more circumſpect, when we know that we have a ſpy upon us.

VII. *Perſeverance is the Crown and Perfection of all Virtues. The reward is promiſed* to *beginners*, but is *delivered* to thoſe that *perſevere*. Wherefore, above all things let us be firm to our ſelves; in the mounting of a ſteep Hill, if we come once to *ſtop*, we *ſlip*; and in ſtead of *ſtanding our ground*, we *ſlide down again*. Let us reſolve, what we are to do, and purſue it, for 'tis to no purpoſe at all, to do any thing by fits. It is a great weakneſs of mind, to be alwayes upon the *ramble*; and in queſt of *new company*, *new exerciſes*, *new places*; when the fault's in our *ſelves*, not in the *Climate*, or *other circumſtances*. The *Plant* that's *often removed*, *withers*; and the very *change* of *Remedies*, turns into a *Diſeaſe*. If the bleſſed *Apoſtle* found *himſelf* at a loſs, in the contemplation of his duty; what will become of *Us* then, whoſe *Virtues* are ſcarce comparable, even to his *imperfections*? The love of *Learning*

ing is never to be *extinguiſhed.* The love of *Riches*, never to be *ſatiated.* The love of *Honour*, never to be *allay'd*: ſo that there's no end of our greedineſs after things that are in themſelves, *ſhort-liv'd*, and *uncertain*; but when we come to the *divine*, and *everlaſting wiſdom*, the leaſt *touch*, and *reliſh* of it, *cloyes* us. This is not according to his Precept, that ſayes, *Be you perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.* He that looks up to that pattern, ſhall never want place for the increaſe of his Virtue.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of Temperance; How much, modeſty contributes to it. Of Abſtinence, and Chaſtity.

I. THe pleaſures that ariſe from the *Taſte* and *Touch*, are under the government of *Temperance*; which only

only approves of those that are *necessary*, and according to *right reason*, and declares against all that's *Artificial* and *Superfluous*. The Infallible Rule she proceeds by, is this: to take that for a measure in what concerns the *Body*, which *Nature* has made *necessary*: and never for *Pleasures sake*, to admit of any *Pleasure*. This is it, that keeps a *man* from degenerating into a *beast*; to this of *Temperance*, the virtue of *Modesty* does very much conduce. It is the *Bridle* of *corrupt motions*, the *Index* of *good nature*: the *Guardian* of *purity*; the *witness* of *Innocence*; where *Modesty* has taken possession, there enters not so much as an *unclean thought*; much less an *unlawful act*. It teaches us to stand in awe of the *presence of God* within us, and of our *own Consciences*: and charms us with the contemplation of those Celestial Beauties, that illustrate all the works of *Temperance*. The man that is truly, and perfectly *Modest*, will not endure, so much as the *Name* of *Intemperance*; his house serves him only for a *Covering*, not a *Concealement*; as it does to some others

thers, who lock themſelves up; not that they may *live* more *ſecurely*, but *ſin* more *privately*. But alas! what does it avayle us, to ſhun the *Eyes*, and the *Ears* of *men*; when *God ſees us*, and *our Conſciences accuſe us?*

II. The virtues of moderating the uſe of *meat* & *drink*, we call *Abſtinence*, and *Sobriety*: but as to what concerns the *Touch*, we call it *Chaſtity*, and *Modeſty*. In the uſe of *Meats*, it is no eaſie thing for a man to keep himſelf within the bounds of *bare Neceſſity*: for the *Belly has no ears*, hears no Counſel, and will be ſtill craving and calling upon us for daily Relief; but at how eaſie a rate we might diſcharge our ſelves of that importunity, not one man of a thouſand takes into his thought. Inſtead of gratifying the *Neceſſities* of *Nature*, we are on the other ſide putting a *force* upon her, to make her ſubſervient to us in our *Luxury*; by *Irritating* that *Hunger* and *Thirſt* with Artificial *Provocatives*; which ſhould rather have been laid, and pacifi'd, by Remedies *Plain* and *Natural*. The Virtue of

Chaſtity

Chaſtity is yet of greater difficulty among ſo many inrentives to *Luſt*, without the ſingular grace of God. We muſt keep our ſelves out of all *Temptations*; ſet a *Guard* upon our *ſenſes*, and preſerve a profound *Reverence* for our *ſelves*; for he that has no reſpect for himſelf, will hardly have it for any body elſe. Let us have a care of our *Eyes*; for *many a man has been engag'd ere he was aware, to Love in ſpight of his heart.* If it be *Beauty*, or *Woman*, that we love, there is nothing certainly in the world that is ſo *falſe* and *fading*. Take her in all her *Charms* and *Glories*, and 'tis but the work of one ſingle moment, to turn all her *Graces* into *Deformities*; all her *Sweetneſs* into *Corruption*, and her very *ſelf* into worſe than *nothing*. We muſt flie *ill Company* too, and *Idleneſs*, and mortifie our bodies by *Faſtings* and *Diſcipline*. *In a very ill condition is the Soul of that man, that takes too much care of his Carkaſs.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Of Meekneſs, and Clemency: The Excellency, and the Duties of Both.

I. IT is the *Offices* and the *Property* of *Meekneſs* or *Gentleneſs*, to moderate the violence of *Anger*, and keep it within the Limits of *Humanity* and *Reaſon*. *Anger* is as a *Sword* in the hand of *Nature*, for the *Terrour* and *Puniſhment* of *Offenders*. Now it is as great a *Cruelty*, to ſpare *all*, as to ſpare *none*; for *Impunity* gives an *encouragement* to *Villany*. When matters are come to an *Extremity*, and that *Juſtice* is to be done upon a *Malefactor*, there is yet place for *Meekneſs* and *Clemency*; and we are to ſhew a kind of *Unwillingneſs* and *Compaſſion*, even where there is a *neceſſity* of *Puniſhment*. We are grievous ſinners our ſelves, and as God hath dealt with *us*, ſo are we to behave our ſelves toward *others*; that

is

is to say, with *Tenderness* and *Forbearance*, in hope of *Amendment*. God Almighty does not always proceed to *Severity*, but contents himself many times with our *Repentance*. It is a disparagement to the *Physician* to despair of the *Patient*; for according to his *kindness* and *skill*, we are to judg of the facility of the *Cure*. *Gentleness of Nature*, to *Anger*, is like a *Rock* to the *Sea*; it breaks the *fury* of it. The *Billows* may *Rage* and *Fome*, but the *Rock* stands *firme*, and they do but dash and spend themselves against it to no purpose. *Come unto me, and learn of me*; sayes our blessed Saviour. And *what* are we to *learn?* not to *Cure* the *Sick*; *Cleanse* the *Lepers*; give *Sight* to the *Blind*; or *raise* the *Dead*. But *learn of me*, sayes he, *for I am Meek*. Such is the Excellency of *Meekness*, as if the whole duty of *Christianity* were comprehended in that Lesson.

II. As *Meekness* moderates *Anger*, so *Clemency* moderates *Punishment*. The *one* is competible to *all* men, the *other* belongs properly to *Princes* and *Magi-*

Magistrates, in whose power it is to mitigate the severity of Laws upon Offenders, and which they are to do without any respect to *Fear*, *Profit*, *Friendship*, or the like; but purely upon a principle of *Generosity* and *Good Nature*. *Clemency* is not only the *Privilege*, the *Honour*, and the *Duty* of a Prince, but it is likewise his *Security*; and better then all his *Garrisons*, *Forts*, and *Guards*, to preserve *himself* and his *Dominions* in *safety*. When a Prince comes to be *Fear'd*, he's *Hated*; and when he comes once to be *Hated*, the people wish him out of the *World*. His *strength* lies not so much in his *Armes* and *Magazines*, as in the *hearts* of his *Subjects*: for *whoever contemnes his own Life*, *is Master of Another mans*. Many *Executions* are as great a Reproach to a *Government*, as many *Funerals* to a *Physician*. That Prince is truly *Royal*, who *Masters himself*; looks upon all *Injuries*, as *below* him; and *Governs* by *Equity* and *Reason*, not by *Passion*. *The greatest minds are ever the most Serene, and Quiet.*

CHAP. XXXIII.

Of Modeſty, Studies, and Diverſements.

I. THere is not any thing, that does better become a *well qualliſi'd Mind*, than *Modeſty*. It is the *Beauty* of *Honeſty*, and the *check* of *Wickedneſs*: and ſhews it ſelf in the very *Habit* and *Geſture*, without a word ſpeaking: 'Tis a ſtrange diſcovery that a man makes of himſelf, even in the ſmalleſt things; in a *look*, a *ſmile*, a caſt of the *Eye*, a particular manner of *walking*: but whatever the world may gather from theſe Circumſtances, let us be ſure that they may read *Chriſtianity* in our *Lives*. In all our *Motions, Geſtures, Words, Countenances*, there is a certain *Gracefulneſs*, or *Medium* to be obſerved, betwixt *Affectation* and *Effeminary* on the *one* ſide, and a *Clowniſh* Harſhneſs on the *other*. True *Modeſty* paſſes from the *mind*, into the *Body*, and influences all our *External actions*,

actions, with its *Internal Gravity* of *Manners*. A *Modeſt man* is the lively *Image* of *God*; his very *looks* compoſe us: There is, both *Beauty* in it, and *Benefit*. There is a *Modeſty* to be us'd in our very *Cloaths*, *Houſholdſtuff*, *Furniture*, *number of Servants*; which are all to be ſuited to our Condition. Theſe may paſs for the *Ornaments* of our *Bodies*, and *Houſes*, but they are the *Impediments* of our *minds*; why do we Glory then in *Misfortune* and *Vanity*, and in the multitude of our *Diſtractions*? A man has as many *Enemies* as *Servants*: They are ſo many *ſpyes* upon him; their buſineſs is to *pry* into our *Actions*, not to *wait* upon our *Commands*. They come *Humble* into a Family; they grow *Inſolent in* it, and moſt *Odious* when they go *out* of it.

II. There are *two ends* of *Studiouſneſs*. The *One* is to *Attemper* the *Inordinate deſire* of *Knowledg*: The *other* is, to *quicken* and *excite* us, to the learning of things *Profitable* and *Neceſſary*; We are all of us given to be *ſearching* and *Curious*, by *Nature*; who knows

well enough the *Beauty* and the *Artifice* of her own work, in the ſtructure of the Univerſe; and therefore has made us *Spectators* of it, that ſo much Excellency might not lie *dead*, and *fruitleſs*, in *ſolitude*. But inſtead of *Improving* this Goodneſs of Nature, we *Abuſe* it; and ſpend thoſe faculties upon Impertinent and dangerous *Curioſities*, which were given us for *nobler Ends*. *Wiſdome* does not conſiſt in knowing *much*, but in knowing things that we are the *better* for; & thoſe things in the firſt place, that concern our *Salvation*. Not that I am againſt *humane learning* neither; provided, that a good uſe be made of whatever we read toward the ordering of our *Lives* and *Manners*. In the reading of *many Books*, we are apt to take up a *Rambling humour* of skiping from one thing to another, and *ſwallowing abundance*; but we *digeſt nothing*. Whereas, we ſhould rather pitch upon ſome certain Authors; take what's good out of them; read them over and over, and ſtudy them, if we would have any thing ſtick by us. *Variety* of reading, may be *Pleaſant*; but it

it is the *ſteady*, and *certain Application* of our Studies, that *improves* us.

III. And yet we are not to be ſo intent upon our Studies neither, as never to give our ſelves *Breath* and *Reſpit*. The *mind* is to be ſometimes *unbent*; for there's no *Living* without Intervals of *Reſt*. We ſee that in all places, there are dayes of *Recreation* ſet apart, by *Authority*, for the *Refreſhment* and *Relief* of the people. Now the mind may be ſeveral ways divertis'd, according to the diſpoſition of the *perſon*, and according to the *Occaſion*. *Some* peoples *Thoughts* and *Spirits* are rais'd by nothing more than a pleaſant *Walk* in the open *Aire*; *others again* are for the delight of *Rivers*, and *Groves*; *Some* for a *Country-Retreat*, out of the *duſt* and *tumult* of the *City*; *Others*, are for *Hawking*, *Hunting*, or the more harmleſs ſport perchance of *Fiſhing*. Nay, the very paſſing from one *Study* to *another*, as from *Mathematicks*, for the purpoſe, to a Conſort of *Muſick*, is a great Relief. Some are for entertainments of *Witt*, as *Comedies*; or honeſt *Games*, as *Cheſs*,

Tables, &c. But nothing better then a *Cheerful*, and *Ingenious Converſation*, that keeps it ſelf within the bounds of *Honour* and *Modeſty*, ſome there are, of ſo *ſower* and *critical* a temper; ſo *Moroſe* and *Inſociable*, that they'd ſooner be guilty of a *mortal ſin*, then of a *jeſt*. Others, on the contrary are never out of *Company*; but perpetually upon the *Droll*, and playing the *Buffoons*. Now theſe *extreams*, are ſtark naught, unleſs they be ſo *qualified*, and *temper'd*, that the one may ſerve as a cure to the other. To be *alwaies* in *company*, or *alwaies alone*, is not well; but when we are weary of the *one*, we may have recourſe to the other. And ſo it is with *labour* and *idleneſs*: when we are weary of *working*, let's *lye down*, and *reſt*; when we are ſick of doing nothing, let's *up*, and *work*. Some there are, that have no Government over themſelves at all; but when they are upon the fit of *ſtudying*; day and night is too little for them, till they have read themſelves *faint* and *blind*: and ſo ſoon as that humour is ſpent, they fall into the contrary

trary extream of *diſſolution*, and *lazyneſs*; and are as hard now to be *reclaim'd*, from the *one*, as they were *before*, to be *diverted* from the *other*. This comes to *paſs*, becauſe we proceed by *leaps*, and fly from one *Contrary*, to the *other*; for want of ſetting to our ſelves, certain *rules* and *bounds*, which we are not to *tranſgreſs*. *Exceſs*, or the *overdoing* of any thing, is enough to turn even *good* into *evil*.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of Humility, wherein it conſiſts. The knowledg of our ſelves. The true character of an humble man.

I. *Humility*, is a Virtue, that comes from Chriſt himſelf, who *publiſhed* it by his *doctrine*, and *taught* it by his *example*. Next to Virtues *Theological*, and *Intellectual*, it holds the firſt place; for it overthrows *Pride*, which is

the fountain of all evil. It makes us acceptable to God, whoſe *communication* is with the *humble*: without this foundation, our whole ſpiritual building falls to the ground. The *name* of it, 'tis true, does not ſeem to import any *great matter*; but it is the Virtue nevertheleſs, without which no man can be either *great*, or *perfect*. It is that which putts us upon *illuſtrious exploits*, without danger of being *puft up*: upon *difficulties*, and *hazzards*, without fear; nay, and without ſo much as a change of *Countenance*, or *Temper*. *Humility* does not lye (as the People imagine) in in the meer *contempt* and *abjection* of our ſelves; but alſo, in the juſt and moderate purſuit of *honour* and *glory*: *of glory*, not for *oſtentation*, but for the *virtue* it ſelf, of which, that *glory* is the *Reward*; *all other glory is falſe and ſpurious*; and not worthy ſo much as of his thought, that knows the value of things, and perfectly underſtands himſelf. The *humble* man knows too well, (to affect *honour* in it) how little it is that He can contribute out of his *own*, to the works of *Virtue*: beſide that

that he is afraid of seeking, even the honour that he deserves, for fear of being insensibly drawn in, to covet more then his due. There can be no loss in *despising* of *honour*, since *it is great honour to refuse it; and greater, yet, to contemn it.*

II. The reason why we are not *humble*, is because *we do not know our selves*: and we will sooner beleive a mistake in our own breasts, then if it came to us from the furthest quarters of the Earth. *What is man?* a weak and sickly body: a pitiful, helpless Creature; exposed to all the Injuries of Times and Fortunes; A Mass of Clay, and Corruption; prone to all wickedness, and of so perverse and deprav'd a judgment, as to prize *Earth* above *Heaven*; *Temporal pleasures*, before *Eternal Felicities: Every man living is altogether vanity.* He is one of the most *Fraile*; one of the most *Furious*, *Lustful*, and *timerous Creatures* of the *Creation:* what have we then to be proud of? considering our *misery* and *shame*; which we should most certainly con-

conſider, if we had but the leaſt ſpark of *reaſon* in us. *We can never be perfectly humble, till we come to a perfect underſtanding of our ſelves.*

III. It is not enough for us to be *humble*, but we muſt be *vile* in our own eyes: *diſtruſtful* of our ſelves; and aſcribe all glory, and *honour* to *God*. He that is *humble*, takes pleaſure in the contempt of himſelf, and is only *proud* of not being affected with *applauſe*. He judges of *himſelf*, by what's his *own*, and he values *others*, by what they have received from *God*: ſo that he alwaies leſſens himſelf in the compariſon. This is his Practice; to ſet his *own faults*, againſt his *Neighbours virtues*; by which rule, the perfecteſt man alive, ſhall think worſe of himſelf, then of another. He is *obedient* to his *Superiours*: not wedded to his *own will*: he *confeſſes* his *infirmities*; he bears all *indignities*, with *patience*: he does any *good office*, be it never ſo *mean*: he is neither *ſingular*, nor *talkative*. He loves *privacy*, without any deſire to be taken notice of; he draws himſelf into a narrow compaſs; and he places

places himſelf both *above* the world, and *below* it. He is *modeſt* and *circumſpect*; and ſpeaks *little*, but when he needs muſt, and *that* too with a countenance, rather diſpoſed to *ſadneſs*, then *mirth*; one may read the *humility* of his *heart*, in his *outſide*; his *face* is *grave*, and *modeſt*; his eyes caſt down, like thoſe of a guilty perſon, before the *great Tribunal*: and betwixt the conſcience of his ſins, and the uncertainty of his pardon, not daring to lift them up to Heaven: he ſtands afarre off, with the *Publican* in the *Goſpel*, crying, *Lord be merciful to me a ſinner.* To conclude, he trembles at the thought of himſelf: he deſpiſes the World, and all the glories of it; for *the whole Earth, is as nothing, to him that does not firſt over-value himſelf.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of the State of the Perfect; The Image of a perfect man. The end of a perfect Life, is Union with God.

I. HE that wants nothing, may be properly ſaid to be *Perfect*. And what can that man want, who is *cleanſed* and *purged* from his *ſins*; *Beautified* with all *Divine Virtues*, whoſe *heart* is *ſet* upon *God*, and his *ſoul united* to him, to *Eternity*? This is the top of *Chriſtian Perfection*, and the laſt end of Chriſtianity it ſelf, to be united to him that is the *End* and *Authour* of our Beeing. But it is not for man to attain this End, without the ſpecial ayd and aſſiſtance of God; and therefore there are but few that arrive at this Perfection; for there are not many that entertain the Grace when 'tis offer'd them:

But however, ſome there have been in all Ages.

II. We may pronounce that man perfect, whom we ſee unſhaken in *dangers*; untainted with *Luſts*; chearful, in *Adverſity*; happy, under *Reproach*; quiet, in a *Storm*; *Free, Equal, Conſtant, Reſolute, Generous, Empty of himſelf*, and *full* of *God*: And ſo much above the things of this world, that the *Hopes* and *Fears*, which are the *Anxiety* of other people, do but ſerve him for *Divertiſement*, and *Sport*. His *Comforts* are out of the reach of *Violence*; and his very *Misfortunes* are, for his *Good*: He fears neither *Diſappointments* nor *Accidents*: He values things by the *Nature* of them, and not by *Opinion*: He ſees the world at his Feet; he *Studies, Contemplates*, and *Deſpiſes* it, with an invincible tranquillity of ſpirit; and yet his Soul keeps ſtill her ſtation, where ſhe had her Original. It is with the *Converſation* of a *Good man*, as with the *Beams* of the *Sun*; which, though they ſtrike the *Earth*, are nevertheleſs at the ſame time in the great *Luminary* that ſends

ſends them; and ſo is the *Soul* of a *Perfect Chriſtian* in *Heaven*, at the ſame time that we enjoy his Company here *Below*. His mind is like the ſtate of the World above the Moon, ever ſerene and quiet. He knows neither *Defects* nor *Variations*; all Ages ſerve him. The Sun it ſelf does not look upon the world more impartially than he does, and without cumbering his thoughts about many things, he takes up his Reſt in the *ſimplicity* and *unity* of *God himſelf*. He neither ſeeks nor wiſhes for any thing *without* himſelf; for he carries his happineſs in *his own Breaſt*. It is to God alone that he dedicates both his *Actions* and *Life*. He that walks by this rule, knows what it is to be perfect.

III. It is not for *Fleſh and Blood* to arrive at this pitch without his helping-hand, who ſays, *without me, you are able to do nothing*. But there is likewiſe a neceſſity of *Precious Diſpoſitions*. An intimate Union with God, is the Accompliſhment of a perfect Life; and we muſt firſt caſt off the darkneſs of the Crea-

Creature, ere we presume to appear before him that dwells in an unaccessible Light. How shall any man think to partake of the joyes of *Heaven*, so long as he carries the Corruptions of *Earth* and *Flesh* about him? Every *Pleasure*, every *Vanity*, every *Vitious Affection* is a *Remora* to him; It stops him in his full course, endangers the whole Lading, and keeps him from his Port. *God is Unity, and takes no joy in a Soul that is divided.*

FINIS.

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